# THE

# TRUE LOYALIST;

## OR,

## *CHEVALIER's FAVOURITE:*

BEING A COLLECTION OF

# ELEGANT SONGS,

NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

ALSO, SEVERAL OTHER

## *LOYAL COMPOSITIONS,*

WROTE BY EMINENT HANDS.

*PRINTED IN THE YEAR*

M,DCC,LXXIX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

# LOYAL SONGS.

## *THE ROYAL OAK TREE.*

To the Tune of *The Mulberry Tree.*

YE true Sons of SCOTIA together unite,
And yield all your ſenſes to joy and delight;
Give mirth its full ſcope, that the nations may ſee
We honour our ſtandard, the great Royal Tree.
*All ſhall yield to the Royal Oak Tree:*
*Bend to thee,*
*Majeſtic Tree!*
*Chearful was He, who ſat in thee.*
*And thou, like him, thrice honour'd ſhall be.*

When our Great Sov'reign C——s was
driv'n from his throne,
And dar'd ſcarce call the kingdom or ſubjects
his own,
Old Pendril, the miller, at the riſk of his blood,
Hid the King of our iſle in the king of the wood.
*All ſhall yield*, &c.

In ſummer, in winter, in peace, or in war,
'Tis acknowledg'd, with freedom, by each
Britiſh Tar,
That the Oak of all ſhips can beſt ſcreen us
from harm,
Beſt keep out the foe, and beſt ride out the
ſtorm.
*All ſhall yield*, &c.

Let gard'ners and floriſts of foreign plants
boaſt,
And cull the poor trifles of each diſtant coaſt;
There's none of them all from a ſhrub to a tree,
Can ever compare, great Royal Oak, with thee.
*All ſhall yield*, &c.

## A SONG.

On a bank of flow'rs on a ſummer's day.
Where lads and laſſes met;
On the meadow green, each maiden gay,
Was by her true-love ſet;
Dick fill'd his glaſs, drank to his laſs,
And C——'s health around did paſs:
*Huzza! they cry'd, and a' reply'd,*
*" The Lord reſtore our K—g.*

To the King, ſays John: Drink it off, ſays Tom,
They ſay he's wond'rous pretty:
To the Duke, ſays Will: That's right ſays Nell:
God ſend them home, ſays Betty:
May the Pow'rs above this crew remove,
And ſend us here the lads we love:
*Huzza! they cry'd,* &c.

The liquor ſpent, to dance they went;
Each youngſter choſe his mate:
Dick bow'd to Nell, and Will to Moll;
Tom choſe out black-ey'd Kate:

Name your dance, ſays John: Play it up, ſays Tom,
May the K—g again enjoy his own:
*Huzza! they cry'd*, &c.

G——e muſt be gone, for he can't ſtay long,
Leſt cord or block ſhould take him;
If he don't, by Jove, and the Pow'rs above,
We're all reſolv'd to make him:
Young G——e too muſt his dad purſue,
With all the ſpurious plund'ring crew:
*Huzza! they cry'd*, &c.

## THE GERMAN LAIRDIE.

WHAT merriment hath ta'en our W——s,
I think they've a' gane mad, Sir,
By playing up their Whiggiſh jigs;
Their dancing may be ſad, Sir:
The Revolution principles
Have put their heads in the bees, Sir;
They'ye a' fa'n out amang themſelves;
Duce tak' the firſt that grees, Sir.
*Sing, Hey tidle lilty*, &c.

Did they not ſay on Queen Anne's day,
They vow'd and did proteſt, Sir,
If once Hannover was come o'er
We ſurely wou'd be bleſt, Sir:
He wou'd bring goud and gear enough,
Which wou'd pay a' our debts, Sir;
We'd then want men to hold our plough,
Such worldly wealth we'd get, Sir.
*Sing, Hey tidle lilty,* &c.

Then he came o'er with his cock ſon,
O! Duce confound the pair! Sir,
For, a' the gear that they brought o'er,
One plack they coudna' ſpare, Sir:
For ilka plack we but to pay down
For whores to lye at's back, Sir;
And Turks to guard the Britiſh crown:
O! Duce confound the pack! Sir.
*Sing, Hey tidle lilty,* &c.

Let men of honeſt principles
Now ſtand to the righteous cauſe, Sir;
And, down with their rank parliaments,
Set up our righteous laws, Sir:

Reſtore to them their Brunſwick K—g;
Great joy to Cæſar, ſing, Sir:
The Duce confound their ſpurious brood!
And crown our righteous K—g, Sir.
*Sing, Hey tidle lilty, &c.*

And wha think ye had they got then
But a wie poor German Lairdie;
And, when then went to bring him o'er,
He was delving his kail-yardie.
*Sing, Hey tidle lilty, &c.*

## *A BIRTH-DAY ODE.*

*September 21ſt*, 1752.

Do thou, my ſoul, with ſteady patience wait,
'Till GOD unvail his firm reſolves of Fate:
Then C——s ſhall reign, poſſeſs'd of ev'ry grace,
And fair L——a brighten ev'ry face
With riſing branches of a royal race.

Fly hence, deſpair! thou bane of happineſs!
Let chearing hope each faithful heart poſſeſs:

Toſs round the glaſs with joyous mirth & mein,
And gladly ſing, *GOD ſave the King and Queen!*
Bleſs them with children virtuous and fair:
May they be ever heav'n's peculiar care.

## *THE BONNY LADDIE.*

*Compoſed by* Mr WILLIAM MESTON, *one of the Regents of the* Mariſchal-College *in* Aberdeen, 1716, *when ſkulking in the Cabrach, Aberdeen-ſhire.*

To the Tune of *John Hay's bonny Laſſie.*

How long ſhall our land thus ſuffer diſtreſſes,
Whilſt tyrants, and ſtrangers, and traitors oppreſs us?
How long ſhall our old and once brave warlike nation
Thus tamely ſubmit to a baſe uſurpation?
*Still muſt we be ſad, whilſt the traitors are wadie,*
*'Till we get a ſight of our ain bonny Laddie.*

How long ſhall we lurk? How long ſhall we languiſh,
With our faces dejected, and our hearts full of anguiſh?

How long ſhall the W—s, perverting all reaſon,
Call honeſt men *rogues*, and loyalty *treaſon?*
*Still muſt we be ſad*, &c.

O Heavens! have pity, with favour prevent us;
Reſcue us from ſtrangers who ſadly torment us;
From Atheiſts and Deiſts, and W—ſh opinions:
Our K—g return back to his rightful dominions.
*Then rogues ſhall be ſad, and honeſt men wadie,*
*When the throne is poſſeſs'd by our ain bonny Laddie.*

The church that's oppreſs'd our Monarch ſhall cheriſh;
The land ſhall have peace, the Muſes ſhall flouriſh;
Each heart ſhall be glad, but the W—s will be ſorry,
When the K—g gets his own, and JEHOVAH the glory.
*Then rogues*, &c.

To the Tune of *Alloa Houſe.*

O! How can I publiſh, or ſtrive to reveal,
Too nice for expreſſion, too great to conceal,

The graces and virtues which illuſtrious do ſhine
In the P—-e that's deſcended of Stuart's great line.
Could I but extol thee as I love thy dear name,
And ſuit my low ſtrain to my P—e's high fame,
In trophies eternal thy glory I'd raiſe,
And to ages unborn thy merits ſhould live.

But, O thou brave hero! great heir of this crown,
The world quite aſtoniſh'd admires thy renown,
Thy princely deportment ſhews forth thy great praiſe
In trophies more laſting than poets can raiſe.
Thy valour in war, and thy conduct in peace,
Shall be ſung and admir'd when diviſion ſhall ceaſe;
Thy foes, in confuſion, ſhall yield to thy ſway,
And he who now rules ſhall be forc'd to obey.

May the heav'ns in mercy thy perſon ſecure
From the plots and the ſnares of tyrannical pow'r!
May they proſper thy arms with ſucceſs in fight,
And reſtore thee at laſt to the crown that's thy right!

And when G-——-e and his brood are baniſh'd
this land,
To their poultry Hannover & German command,
Then freedom & peace ſhall return to this ſhore,
And Britons be rul'd by S——s evermore.

✣✣✣✣✣✣✣✣✣✣✣✣✣✣✣✣✣✣✣✣✣✣✣✣✣✣✣✣✣✣✣

TREE OF FRIENDSHIP: *A Cantata, in Six Airs.*

AIR I.—*Tune*, Welcome, brother debtor.

MANY are the toils of mankind,
Num'rous are the pains we bear;
Let us then unite in friendſhip,
And each other's troubles ſhare;
For men were made to help each other,
To ſhare alike their grief and joy;
Let us then, when toil is over,
In harmleſs mirth our time employ.

AIR II.—*Tune*, The hounds are all out, &c.

Without Friendſhip in mankind Society's loſt,
And life is a bubble of air;
But tho' Fortune ſhould drive us to Greenland's
bleak coaſt,
We're contented, if Friendſhip comes there.

*My brave boys*, &c.

It happened once, that a King, without friends,
Was plagu'd by a hard-hearted crew;
When he look'd round the fields, to make him amends,
The Oak roſe with grace to his view,
*My brave boys*, &c.

AIR III.—*Tune*, Britannia rules the Waves.

The trees that in the woods are ſeen,
Struck by the winter's blaſt, ſhall fall,
Whilſt thou ſhalt flouriſh on the green,
The mighty monarch of them all.
Hail to the Royal, hail to the Royal Tree!
Protector of our liberty.

AIR IV.—*Tune*, Lillibulero.

This much honour'd tree ſuch wonders hath done;
That Britain ſtill names it as her greateſt boaſt,
There is nothing can equal it under the ſun;
Without it, our lives and our liberty's loſt.
Abroad it does ſail before the briſk gale,
And brings home the ſpices and juices divine;
Then, ſing round the great Tree with friendſhip and glee;
Around it, around it, like woodbine slet's twine.

AIR V.—*Tune,* Belliſle March.

From the eaſt to the weſt
By all men 'tis confeſt,
That the Oak is the beſt of all trees;
There's not one, we are ſure,
Can ſuch hardſhips endure,
Or brave with more courage the ſeas.

Should any pretend
To affront our good friend,
Let the foe be a duke, lord, or clown,
With our Oaks faſt in hand
By our friends we'll firm ſtand,
And then knock the proud boaſter down.

AIR VI.—CHORUS.—*Tune,* Hearts of Oak.

Then ſhaded beneath this great Royal Tree,
Let us from all ſtrife, from all diſcord be free;
Tho' hardſhips ſurround us let this make amends,
A friend in our need is the ſureſt of friends,
Firm as the Oak let us ſtand, friends ſincere let us be;
Our purſes are ready,
Open to the needy;
In this let all Britons, all mankind, agree.

## THE DROWNING OF CARE,

A MEDLEY,—IN FOUR AIRS,

FOR THE TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY.

AIR I.—*Tune*, The yellow-hair'd Laddie.

THOUGH winter may fright us, and chill us with cold,
Bright Phœbus can chear us with rays pure as gold;
Then let us not murmur, nor dare to complain,
For HE who took ſun-ſhine can give it again.

The Oak that all winter was barren and bare,
Again ſpreads his branches to wave in the air;
All Nature, rejoicing, appears clad in green,
Then let Mirth & Friendſhip enliven the ſcene.

The true Sons of Freedom together are met,
And each by his neighbour in order is ſet,
While Mirth and true Friendſhip give life to the ſong,
The voice of Contentment the notes ſhall prolong,

AIR II.—*Tune*, Once I was blind, &c.

A lady once her husband lost,
And sighing look'd around,
And saw her children sadly cross'd,
And deep in sorrow drown'd;
But thus assuag'd their care and pain,
"Your Father will return again.
*With my fall, lall,* &c.

"Though he has left you for a day,
"Be not sunk in despair,
"For orphans, as the Scriptures say,
"Are heav'n's peculiar care:
"Then fear not, Boys, you'll get command,
"*As broken a ship has come to land.*
*With my fall, lall,* &c.

"Then throw your grief and care away,
"Let mirth your hours employ,
"This is the *Twenty-Ninth* of *May*,
"My heart o'erflows with joy:
"So bid adieu to grief and pain,
"And drink the LAIRD's return again."
*With my fall, lall,* &c.

The lads took heart, and dreſs'd themſelves
In rural garments gay,
And round about, like fairy elves,
They danc'd the live-long day:
Around, around an *Oaken Tree*
They danc'd with joy, and ſo do we.
*With my fall, lall,* &c.

AIR III.—*Tune,* The laſs of Patie's mill.

The ſprightly dance now done,
They all, as was their uſe,
Upon the graſs ſat down,
To taſte the balmy juice:
The ſparkling goblet ſmil'd,
And went the circle round;
While Mirth, (Contentment's child,)
Cry'd, "Care in joy is drown'd."

AIR IV.—*Tune,* Let our mirth ſtill abound, &c.

Let us, as well as they, be merry while we may,
For we know not how long we may ſing, brave boys:
Let us ſtill be content with whatever is ſent,
Or what Providence pleaſes to bring, brave boys;

For I love, from my ſoul, a friend and a bowl,
So here goes a health to our KING, brave boys.

CHORUS.

Here's a health to the KING;
Let ev'ry true man ſing,
Long live our noble KING.

## A SONG.

Tune, *Ann thou wert mine ain thing.*

DIVINELY led thou need'ſt to be,
Elſe you had ne'er come o'er the ſea
With thoſe few friends who favour'd thee,
And dearly they did love thee.

Thy fortitude ſure none can ſhake;
A crown and glory is thy ſtake;
And GOD thy truſt, who ſoon can make,
Ev'n they who hate thee, love thee.

Fame ſhall reward thy clemency,
Whilſt Gladſmuir-green is near the ſea;
And the triumphant victory
Gain'd by the Clans that lov'd thee.

Go on, great P—ce, ne'er fear thy foes,
Though helliſh plots they do compoſe;
The gods themſelves do them oppoſe,
And ſmile on thoſe who love thee.

Thy great anceſtors do look down
With joy to ſee themſelves outdone
By a young Hero of their own,
Begetting who's moſt lovely.

O happy Scotland! ſhall thou be
When Royal J——s reigns over thee,
And C——s, our P—ce, who favours thee,
And dearly ay will love thee.

## A SONG.

THOUGH G—die reigns in J—ie's ſtead
I'm griev'd, yet ſcorn to ſhew that;
I'll ne'er look down, nor hing my head
On Rebel-W—gs for a' that;
But ſtill I'll truſt in Providence,
And ſtill I'll laugh at a' that;
And ſing, He's o'er the hills this night
That I love weel for a' that.

He's far 'yont Killebrae this night
That I love weel for a' that;
He wears a piſtol on his ſide,
Which makes me blyth for a' that:
The highland coat, the philabeg,
The tartan-trouze, and a' that,
He wears, that's o'er the hills this night,
And will be here for a' that.

He wears a broad-ſword on his ſide,
He kens weel how to draw that;
The target, and the highland plaid,
And ſhoulder-belt, and a' that:
A bonnet bound with ribbons blue,
A white cockade, and a' that,
He wears, that's o'er the hills this night,
And will be here for a' that.

The W—gs think a' that Willie's mine,
But yet they maunna' fa' that;
They think our hearts will be caſt down,
But we'll be blyth for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
And thrice as meikle's a' that;
He's bonny that's o'er the hills this night,
And will be here for a' that.

But, O! what will the W—gs ſay ſyne,
When they're miſta'en in a' that,
When G——die mann fling by the crown,
The hat, and wig, and a' that:
The flames will get baith hat and wig,
As oft times they got a' that:
Our highland Lad will wear the crown,
And ay be blyth for a' that.

And then our brave militia lads
Will be rewarded duly,
When they fling bye their black cockades,
That helliſh colour truly.
As night is baniſh'd by the day,
The white will drive awa' that;
The ſun will then his beams diſplay,
And will be blyth for a' that.

## A SONG.

*May 29th, 1660.*

To curb uſurpation by th' aſſiſtance of France
Fir'd with love to his country ſee C—s advance!

He's welcome to grace and diſtinguiſh the day,
The ſun brighter ſhines and all nature is gay.
*Your glaſſes charge high, 'tis in great C—s's praiſe,*
*In praiſe, in praiſe, 'tis in great C—s's praiſe,*
*To his ſucceſs your voices and inſtruments raiſe,*
*To his ſucceſs your voices and inſtruments raiſe.*

Approach, glorious C—s, to this des'late land,
And drive out thy foes with thy mighty hand;
The nations ſhall riſe, and join as one man,
To crown the brave C—s, the Chief of the Clan.
*Your glaſſes,* &c.

In his ſtrains ſee ſweet Peace, faireſt off ſpring and of ſky,
Ev'ry bliſs in her look, ev'ry charm in her eye
Whilſt oppreſſion, corruption, vile ſlav'ry, and fear,
At his wiſh'd-for return never more ſhall appear.
*Your glaſſes,* &c.

Whilſt in pleaſure's ſoft arms millions now court repoſe,
Our Hero flies forth, tho' ſurrounded with foes,

To free us from tyrants ev'ry danger defies,
And in liberty's cauſe he conquers or dies.
*Your glaſſes*, &c.

How hateful's the tyrant who lives by falſe fame,
To ſatiate his pride ſets our country in flame?
How glorious the Prince, whoſe great gene-
nerous mind
Makes true valour conſiſt in relieving mankind!
*Your glaſſes*, &c.

Ye brave Clans, on whom we juſt honour beſtow,
O think on the ſource whence our dire evils flow!
Commanded by C——s, advance to Whitehall,
And fix them in chains who would Britons enthral.
*Your glaſſes*, &c.

## A SONG.

Tune, *To eaſe his heart, and own his flame.*

THE P—ce did venture once to land,
With Seven under his command,

For to conquer Nations three;
That's the man ſhall govern me.

Juſtly may he claim the crown
His brave anceſtors wore ſo long;
Though they thought fit to baniſh thee,
The Reſtoration I hope to ſee.

It was a curs'd uſurping crew
That from the true K—g took his due,
And ſent him far acroſs the ſea;
J——s the Seventh, the ſame was he.

They J——s the Seventh away did ſend,
How could that infant them offend?
That he too baniſhed muſt be,
To 'reave my native P—ce from me.

But his brave Son in battle bright
Shall recover what's his right;
All the Clans ſhall fight for thee;
Glorious C——s ſhall govern me.

Fierce as a lion uncontrol'd,
As an angel ſoft and kind,
Merciful and juſt is he;
Glorious C——s ſhall govern me.

## A SONG.

HERE's a health to all brave Engliſh lads,
With lords and 'ſquires of high renown,
Who will put to their helping hand
To ſee and pull the Uſurper down:
For our brave Scots are all on foot,
Proclaiming loud where'er they go,
With ſound of trumpet, pipe, and drum,
The Clans are coming, oho! oho!

To ſet our K—g upon his throne,
Not church, nor ſtate, to overthrow,
As wicked preachers falſely tell;
The Clans are coming, oho! oho!
We will not be the ſlaves of France,
And that we'll let each Briton know,
That ne'er the ancient Scottiſh race,—
Even we the Clans, oho! oho!

Whoſe brave anceſtors ne'er did bow,
Nor homage pay to foreign pow'rs,
But to our own dear native P—ce,
Ev'n we the Clans, oho! oho!

Therefore, forbear your canting chat,
Your buck-bore tails are all for ſhow;
The ſtipend's the only thing you want;
The Clans are coming, oho! oho!

They will protect both church and ſtate,
Tho' they be thought their mortal foe,
And when Hannover's at the gate,
You'll bleſs the Clans, oho! oho!
Corruption, brib'ry, breach of law,
Was your cant ſometime ago;
Which did expoſe both court and king,
And rais'd the Clans, oho! oho!

Thoſe lions for their country's ſake,
And lawful KING, were never ſlow;
And now, they're come with their great P—ce;
The Clans are coming, oho! oho!
Rous'd like a lion from his den,
When he thought on his country's vow,
Our brave Protector C——s came,
With all his Clans, oho! oho!

So now the Clans have drawn their ſwords,
And vow revenge againſt them a',
Who dare lift up th' Uſurper's arms,
To fight againſt our K—g and laws.

May God preſerve our lawful K—g,
And his brave Sons, the lovely two,
And ſet him on his Father's th—ne,
And bleſs his ſubjects high and low.

Let C—pe and H—lly witneſs be
Who lately you did overthrow,
If want of courage made you fly,
With all your Clans, oho! oho!
But they'll thoſe wicked tants forbear
And droop their heads with ſhame and woe,
When you return our hearts to chear,
With all your Clans, oho! oho!

Return, great P—ce, with all your Clans,
And eaſe our minds of grief and woe,
That we once more with joy may ſing,
The Clans are coming, oho! oho!
Make Willie fly with all his men,
We hold him as our mortal foe,
But, welcome, the great P—ce again,
With all your Clans, oho! oho!

## *JAMIE THE ROVER.*

Of all the days that's in the year,
The Tenth of June I love moſt dear,
When roſes and ribbons do appear;
Succeſs to young Jamie the Rover.
*Fal deral,* &c.

All in green tartan my love ſhall be dreſt,
With a diamond ſtar upon his breaſt,
And he ſhall be reckon'd as one of the beſt;
Succeſs to young Jamie the Rover.
*Fal deral,* &c.

As I came in by Lanark town,
The drums they did beat, and the trumpets did ſound,
The drums they did beat, *&c.*
To welcome young Jamie the Rover.
*Fal deral,* &c.

There's ſome who ſay he's baſtardly born,
And others who call him a bricklayer's ſon,
But they are all liars, for he's the true ſon
Of him call'd Jamie the Rover.

There is in London a huge black bull,
And he would devour us if he had his will,
But we'll toſs his harns out over his ſkull,
And drive the old dog to Hannover.
*Fal deral,* &c.

I need not wonder at Nature's change,
Though he abroad be forced to range,
I'll find him out where'er he remains,
Young Jamie you call the Rover.
*Fal deral,* &c.

To foreign lands I'll ſtraight repair,
There to find out my deareſt dear,
For he alone is all my care,
Young Jamie you call the Rover.
*Fal deral,* &c.

In his Royal Arms I'll lay me down,
In remembrance of the Tenth of June,
And all my pleaſure I will crown
With Jamie you call the Rover.
*Fal deral,* &c.

Though all my friends ſhould me deſpiſe,
Yet to his praiſe my voice I'll raiſe,
For he's a jewel in my eyes,
Young Jamie you call the Rover.
*Fal deral,* &c.

*J.* and *S.* I muſt confeſs,
The thiſtle and crown, his motto is;
Of all the ſwains he deſerves the praiſe,
Young Jamie you call the Rover.

*Fal deral*, &c.

## *LEWIS GORDON.*

To the Tune of *Tarry woo'*.

O! ſend my Lewis Gordon hame,
And the Lad I darena' name;
Altho' his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa'.

*Hech hey! my highland-man,*
*My handſome, charming, highland-man,*
*Weel wou'd I my true-love ken,*
*Amang ten-thouſand highland-men.*

O! to ſee his tartan trouze,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd ſhoes;
Philabeg aboon his knee,
That's the Lad that I'll gang wi'.

*Hech hey!* &c.

This lovely Lad of whom I ſing
Is fitted for to be a King,
And on his breaſt he wears a ſtar,
You'd tak' him for the God of War.

*Hech hey!* &c.

O! to ſee this Princely One
Seated on his Father's th—ne,
Our griefs wou'd then a' diſappear;
We'd celebrate the Jub'lee-year.

*Hech hey!* &c.

## A SONG.

Tune, *When Britain firſt, at heav'n's command.*

BRITANNIA, rouſe, at heav'n's command!
And crown thy native P—ce again;
Then Peace ſhall bleſs thy happy land,
And Plenty pour in from the main:
Then ſhall thou be, Britannia, thou ſhall be,
From home and foreign tyrants, free.

Behold great C——s, thy godlike Son,
With majeſty and ſweetneſs crown'd;
His worth th' admiring world doth own,
And Fame's loud trump proclaims the ſound.

Thy Captain, him, Britannia, him declare,
Of Kings and Heroes he's the Heir.

The ſecond hope young Hero claims,
Th' extended empire of the main;
His breaſt with fire and courage flames,
With Nature's bounds to fix thy reign.
He, Neptune-like, Britannia will defy,
All but the thunder of the ſky.

The happieſt ſtates muſt yield to thee,
When free from dire corruption's thrall;
Of land and ſea you'll Emp—or be,
And ride triumphant round the ball:
Britannia, unite; Britannia muſt prevail,
Her pow'rful hand muſt guide the ſcale.

Then, Britons, rouſe, with trumpet's ſound
Proclaim this ſolemn happy day *;
Let mirth, with chearful muſic crown'd,
Drive ſullen thoughts and cares away.
Come, Britons, ſing, Britannia, draw thy ſword,
And uſe it for thy rightful Lord.

---

* *Tenth of June.*

## A SONG.

*To the Tune of the foregoing.*

WHEN our great P—ce with his choice band,
Arriv'd from o'er the azure main,
Heav'ns ſmil'd with pleaſure, with pleaſure on the land;
And guardian angels ſung this ſtrain:
*Go, brave Hero, brave Hero boldly go,*
*And wreſt thy ſceptre from thy foe.*

Th' Uſurper now and his vile brood,
Shall in their turn to thee give place;
Whilſt thou ſhalt proſper, ſhalt proſper, great and good,
In glory of the St—rt race.
*Go, brave Hero,* &c.

The factious W—gs ſhall loſe their aim,
Their dire attempts ne'er ſhake thy throne;
This ſhall but rouſe, but rouſe each loyal flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.
*Go, brave Hero,* &c.

Though Dutch and Devils ſhould combine
To prop Hannover's ſinking cauſe;
Kind heav'n will favour, will favour thy deſign,
And re-eſtabliſh Briton's laws.
*Go, brave Hero,* &c.

Thy exil'd friends of that day fond
Shall to thy court with joy repair;
Bleſt day to ſee thee, at laſt, to ſee thee crown'd,
Britannia's hope and St—rt's Heir.
*Go, brave Hero,* &c.

May gracious heav'n thy ſteps defend
From dangers, plots, and Wh—giſh ſnares,
And bring thee ſafe, ſafe to a glorious end,
Bleſt with long peace, and full of years.
*Go, brave hero,* &c.

## A SONG.

To the Tune of *Tweed-Side.*

WHAT's the ſpring-breathing varlot and roſe,
What's the ſummer with all its gay train,
Or the plenty of autumn to thoſe
Who have barter'd their freedom for gain.

*Let the love of our K—g's legal right*
*To the love of our Country ſucceed;*
*Let friendſhip and honour unite,*
*And flouriſh on both ſides the Tweed.*

No ſweetneſs the ſenſes can chear
That corruption and bribery bind;
No brightneſs the gloom ever clear
For honour, the ſon of the mind.
*Let the love,* &c.

Let virtue diſtinguiſh the brave,
Place riches in lower degree;
Think him pooreſt who dares be a ſlave,
And him richeſt who dares to be free.
*Let the love,* &c.

Let us think how our anceſtors roſe,
Let us think how our anceſtors fell;
It's the rights they defended; its thoſe
They bought with their blood that we ſell.
*Let the love,* &c.

## *SCOTLAND's NEW PSALM.*

*June 10th*, 1736.

How long ſhall perjur'd knaves, O LORD,
Exile our righteous K—g?
Send home the ſpurious race, O GOD,
Diſpatch the German ſting:
Then peace and juſtice ſhall return,
And flouriſh us among;
Thy praiſe we will proclaim aloud
In a ſeraphic ſong.

How long ſhall righteous Jacob grieve,
To ſee his people's fate,
Oppreſs'd with bondage, and the woes
Of an imperiſh'd ſtate?
O Pow'r Eternal! hear my ſighs,
And grant me this requeſt,
Let him, whoſe right it is to reign,
In place of horned beaſt.

Wait thou with patience, O my ſoul!
'Till GOD thinks fit to ſmile;
With Jacob's bleſſings then he will
Our ſorrows all beguile.

Let brightneſs crown the happy day,
That gave our Monarch birth:
Let loyal ſouls chear drooping hearts
With gladſome acts of mirth.

## *ENGLAND's NEW PSALM.*

*Compoſed by one* ANDERTON, Printer *in* London, *whom* King WILLIAM *put to Death for printing and diſperſing* King JAMES's Manifeſtos, *after the Battle of* La-Hogue; *deſigned to be ſung on the Scaffold by the ſaid* ANDERTON, *and which was found in his Pocket after his Death.*

O LORD of Hoſts! hear England's cry,
And purge this ſinful land;
Deſtroy theſe Dutch devouring dogs
By thy moſt mighty hand.
And, as the Red Sea was return'd
On Pharaoh and his Hoſt,
Let in the ocean and o'erflow
The Hogan-Mogan coaſt.

Undam them firſt, then dam them, LORD:
Deſtroy the viper breed:
The ſeed of Frogland be abhor'd
By all the holy Seed.
King Jacob bleſs, moſt mighty LORD,
And ſet him on his throne;
Confound confederating foes,
For thou art GOD alone.

Curb Abſalom's aſpiring pride,
And hang him on a tree.
Rebellion thus, and parricide,
Should ſtill rewarded be.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

## A SONG.

PR—CE C——s is come o'er from France,
In Scotland to proclaim his dadie;
May the heav'ns pow'r preſerve and keep
That worthy P—ce in's highland plaidie.

*O my bonny, bonny highland laddie,*
*My handſome, charming, highland laddie,*
*May heav'n reward, and him ſtill guard*
*When ſurrounded with foes in's highland plaidie.*

Firſt when he came to view our land,
The graceful looks of that young laddie,
Made a' our true Scots hearts to warm,
And choice to wear the highland plaidie.
*O my bonny*, &c.

But when G—die heard the news,
That he was come before his daddie,
He thirty-thouſand pounds wou'd give,
To catch him in his highland plaidie.
*O my bonny*, &c.

He ſent John C—pe ſtraight to the North,
With a' his army fierce and ready,
For to devour that worthy P—ce
And catch him in his highland plaidie.
*O my bonny*, &c.

But when he came to Inverneſs,
I told him he was South already,
As bold's a lion conqu'ring all,
By virtue of his highland plaidie.
*O my bonny*, &c.

From Inverneſs to Aberdeen,
Where he found their ſhips juſt and ready,
To carry him to Edinburgh,
For to devour him in's highland plaidie.
*O my bonny*, &c.

But when he came to Edinburgh,
East Lothian was his firſt land ready;
And then he ſwore that in Gladſmuir,
He wou'd devour him in's highland plaidie.
*O my bonny*, &c.

A parcel of Scots highlanders,
And country lads that were not ready,
The taſk is ſmall you have to do,
To catch him in his highland plaidie.
*O my bonny*, &c.

Our worthy P—ce ſays to his men,
For GOD's ſake, haſte, and make you ready,
And gratify C—pe's fond deſire
He hath to ſee me in my plaidie.
*O my bonny*, &c.

Likewiſe ſays he unto his men,
This day if you'll fight for my daddie,
By heav'ns pow'r I'll ſet you free
From tyrants, in my highland plaidie.
*O my bonny*, &c.

Then they went on like lions bold,
Without regard to man or baby,
For they were bent with one conſent,
To fight and keep him in his plaidie.
*O my bonny*, &c.

John C—pe cries then unto his men,
For GOD's ſake, haſte, and make you ready;
And let each man fly as he can,
For fear he catch you in his plaidie.
*O my bonny*, &c.

Some rode on horſe, ſome ran on foot,
And ſome, wi' fear, their heads turn'd giddy;
And ſome cry'd, Oh! and ſome, Woe's me!
That e'er I ſaw a highland plaidie.
*O my bonny*, &c.

When C—pe was then a great way off,
He ſaid, Since I was a young babie,
I never met with ſuch a fright,
As when I ſaw him in's highland plaidie.
*O my bonny*, &c.

## A SONG:

MY Grand-Sire had a riding mare,
And ſhe was ill to ſit,
And by there came an airy blade,
And ſlipped in a foot.

He put his foot into the ſtirrup,
And gripped ſickerly;
And ay ſince ſyne, ſhe's prov'd unkind,
And flung and gloom'd at me.

When my Grand-Father was deth—n'd,
And put from Nations Three,
There was not a ſingle plack of debt,
And all accompts were free.
But now the cr—wn's in debt, aboon
One Hundred Millions and Three;
I wonder what ails the wicked beaſt
To have ſuch ſpite at me.

When William fell, and brain'd himſell,
They call'd my aunty Ann;
Give me the mare, the riding gear,
The halter in my hand:
Then peace and plenty will abound,
Throughout the Nations Three;
We'll drive them up with whip and ſpur,
Becauſe they ſlighted me.

*Preſton-pans*, *Falkirk*, and *Inverurie*,
Theſe were battles three;
But at Culloden we were all defeat,
And forced for to flee.

The poor men they were all defeat,
Fled to the mountains high;
You may be ſure my heart was ſore
When none could ſtay with me.

But, one poor maid, with gown and plaid,
Convoy'd me through the iſles;
By heaven's care I was preſerv'd
From all their crooks and wiles:
Then into France as by ill chance,
Though I was welcome there,
The cruel darts of th' Uſurper's arts,
Did ſtill purſue me there.

I hope in GOD that I will mount,
My brave anceſtors th—ne;
And then I will attended be
By Lords of high renown,
My brother Henry will likewiſe be
Honour'd as well as me;
And we'll make the W—gs change their notes,
And turn their tunes to me,

They gave the Qu—n the cordial drop
To haſten her away;
And then they took the curſed *oath*,
And drank it up like whey:
Then they ſought the Brunſwick race,
Which we may ſorely rue;
They got a horſe, a cripple *aſs*,
A Couſin German Sow.

## A SONG.

Over yon hills, and yon lofty mountains,
Where the trees are clade with ſnow,
And down by yon murm'ring chryſtal fountain,
Where the ſilver ſtreams do flow,
There, fair Flora ſat complaining,
For the abſence of our K—g,
Crying, Charlie, lovely Charlie,
When ſhall we two meet again.

Fair Flora's love it was ſurpriſing,
Like to diadems in array;
And her dreſs of the tartan plaidie
Was like a rainbow in the ſky;

And each minute ſhe tun'd her ſpinnet,
And Royal Jamie was the tune,
Crying, C——s, Royal C——s,
When ſhalt thou enjoy thy own.

When all theſe ſtorms are quite blown o'er.
Then the ſkies will rent and tear,
Then C——s he'll return to Britain
To enjoy the grand affair:
The friſking lambs will ſkip over,
And larks and linnets ſhall ſweetly ſing;
Singing, C——s, lovely C——s,
You're welcome home to be our K—g.

A BALLAD *for thoſe whoſe honour is ſound,*
*Who cannot be nam'd, and muſt not be found.*

Written by a SCULPER in the Year 1746.

Tune, *Auld lang ſyne.*

SHOU'D old gay mirth and chearfulneſs,
Be daſh'd for evermore,
Since late ſucceſs in wickedneſs
Made W—gs inſult and roar?

O no, their execrable pranks
Oblige us to divine:
We'll ſoon have grounds of joy and thanks,
Like auld lang ſyne.

Though our dear native P—ce be toſs'd
From this oppreſſive land,
And foreign tyrants rule the roaſt
With a high barb'rous hand;
Yet he who did proud Pharaoh cruſh
To ſave great Jacob's line,
Our C——s will viſit in the buſh,
Like Moſes lang ſyne.

Though GOD ſpares long the raging ſet
Which on rebellion doat,
Yet his perfection will ne'er let
His juſtice be forgot:
If we with patient faith our cauſe
To's Providence reſign,
He'll ſure reſtore our K—g and laws
As He did lang ſyne.

Our valiant P—ce will ſhortly land
With Twenty-Thouſand ſtout;
And theſe join'd by each loyal Clan
Shall kick the Germans out:

Then upright men whom rogues attaint
Shall bruik their own again;
And we'll have a Scots Parli——nt
As we had lang ſyne.

Rejoice then, ye, with all your might
That did for juſtice ſtand,
And wou'd give Cæſar his due right,
As JESUS did command:
While terror muſt all thoſe annoy
Who horridly combine
The Vineyard's true Heir to deſtroy,
Like Jews lang ſyne.

A health to thoſe, fam'd Gl—muir gain'd,
And dar'd at Dar—ie croſs,
Who won Fal—k, and boldly ſtrain'd
To ſcour Cul—den-moſs!
Health to all thoſe who'll do't again,
Who'll no juſt cauſe decline:
May C——s ſoon vanquiſh and J——s reign
As they ought lang ſyne.

## A SONG.

Tune,—*Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.*

THE bonnieſt lad that e'er I ſaw,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
Wore a plaid and was fu' braw,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie;
On his head a bonnet blue,
Bonny laddie, *&c.*
His royal heart was firm and true,
Bonny laddie, *&c.*

But when the Hero did appear,
C—pe and his men were ſeiz'd wi' fear;
Then he boldly drew his ſword,
And he gave his Royal word;

That from the field he would not fly,
But with his friends would live or die:
I hope to ſee him mount the th—ne
G——e, and all his foes, begone.

Here's a health to J——s our K—g,
GOD ſend him ſoon o'er us to r—gn,
For then we a' fu' glad will be,
When we his Majeſty do ſee.

## *The Highland Lad & Lawland Laſs.*

*To the Tune of the foregoing.*

HE.

TRUMPETS ſound and canons roar,
Bonny laſſie, lawland laſſie;
And a' the hills with echoes roar,
Bonny laſſie, lawland laſſie.
Glory and honour now invite,
Bonny laſſie, *&c.*
For Freedom and my King to fight,
Bonny laſſie, *&c.*

SHE.

I, too fond maid, gave you a heart,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie;
With which you now ſo freely part;
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.
But ſtill I will keep firm and true,
Bonny laddie, &c.
And 'till death I'll follow you,
Bonny laddie, *&c.*

HE.

My paſſion can no more prevail,
While KING and Country's on the ſcale,

While thus afflicted is my ſoul,
Tells me, Love too much doth rule.

SHE.

Ah! dull pretence! I'd ſooner die,
Than ſee you thus unconſtant fly:
Leave me to the inſulting foe
Of W—gs, a mock for truſt in you.

HE.

Though, Jeanie, I my love muſt take
I never will my love forſake:
Be now content, no more repine;
S——t ſhall r—gn and you'll be mine.

SHE.

While thus abandon'd to my ſmart,
To one more fair you'll give your heart;
And what ſtill gives me greater pain,
Death may for ever you detain.

HE.

None elſe ſhall ever have a ſhare,
But you and honour of my care:
And death no terror e'er can bring,
While thus I'm fighting for my KING.

SHE.

The ſun a backward courſe ſhall take,
Ere ought thy manly courage ſhake.

My fondneſs ſhall no more control
Thy gen'rous and heroic ſoul.

HE.

Your charms, your ſenſe, your noble mind,
Wou'd make the moſt abandon'd, kind:
For you and C——s I'll freely fight,
No object elſe can give delight.

SHE.

Go for yourſelf procure renown,
And for your lawful K—g his Crown;
And then victorious you will won
A conſtant Jeanie to your mind.

## A SONG.

Tune, *The Highland King.*

BLow ye bleak winds around my head,
No ſtorm nor tempeſt do I hear;
Flaſh round my brows ye light'nings red,
And let me all thy vengeance bear:
But our great P—ce where'er he be,
Guard him, ye Pow'rs! from danger free.

May heaven's frowns a warning prove,
O! may it ne'er forſake his mind,
But from his breaſt deſpair remove,
And all the Hero leaves behind:

Then may the P—ce, where'er he be,
Soon from our bondage ſet us free.

O may he ſoon return in pow'r;
That from our ſlav'ry we may reſt,
Foreign aſſiſtance is too poor,
To ev'ry honeſt Britiſh breaſt:
But may the P—ce, where'er he be,
With none but Britons, Britons free.

Come, J——s, O! come, our righteous K—g,
And thy inſulting foes lay low;
But ſelf-convicted ſhould they deign,
To ſtrive for mercy, mercy ſhew:
Then may theſe happy Nations Three,
All with one voice cry, "This is he.

## A SONG.

To the Tune of *The Haughs of Cromdale.*

As I be ga'n up the ſtreet,
I met a bra' man in te rear,
Who ſpeer'd at me, who's man I be
And wha's cockade I wear.

I wear the Royal C——lie's,
And he's our lawful P—ce;
And ſoon I hope to ſee him crown'd
Without the help of Fr—nce;

And gin ye'd no be angry,
Ae Queſtion I wad ſpier,
And that is, Fa's man ye be,
And fa's cockade ye wear;
I wear the Royal G—die's,
And he's come frae Hannover,
For to ſupport the covenant,
The W—gs did bring him over.

It's a' for that ſame ſtory,
I wadna' think it much,
For to cut out baith your lugs,
And put them in your pouch;
And then go tell Duke W—lie,
For he canno' ſpeak Erſe;
That highland-man's cut baith your lugs,
And throw them in his face,

## A SONG.

To the Tune of *Beſſy Bell.*

WHY take you pleaſure as you can
In miſchief and in ill, Sir ;
Why take you pleaſure, wicked man,
To murder and to kill, Sir ?
For all your might, the Lord of Hoſts,
Is ſtronger ſtill than you, Sir ;
The Royal Cauſe is not yet loſt,
Though you do triumph now, Sir.

Though you deſpiſe the law of GOD,
You and your wicked band, Sir ;
He will with an avenging rod
Scourge both out of the land, Sir :
I'm not a prophet, nor his ſon,
But mark I this fortell, Sir ;
The wrath of GOD ſhall fall upon
Thoſe monſters come from Hell, Sir.

Your nets for us you do prepare
To bring us to a halter ;
Yourſelf may fall into that ſnare,
And catch perhaps a Tartar :

If winds prove fair, to bring from Fr—nce,
The Monſieurs to us over,
We'll teach you Billie how to dance,
And chaſe you to Hannover.

Were numbers equal at laſt but,
You'd have no time to rally;
Nor wou'd you be, young man, ſo ſtout,
But run like C—pe and Ha—ly:
But three to one at any game,
Is odds to win at a' times;
Why brag you ſuch unequal gain,
O! fy for ſhame, awa man!

Try't again whene'er you will,
Man for man, we're ready;
We'll lay the Crown, for a' your ſkill,
We'll chaſe you to your daddie.
But, if you like to try it yet
Another way more fairly,
We'll make an end of a' debate,
Betwixt yourſelf and C——lie.

## A SONG.

THE K—g he has been long from home,
The P—ce he has ſent over,
To kick th' Uſurper off the th—ne,
And ſend him to Hannover.
*O'er the water, o'er the ſea,*
*O'er the water to C——lie,*
*Go the world as it will,*
*We'll hazard our lives for C——lie.*

On Thurſday laſt there was a faſt,
Where they preach'd up rebellion,
The maſons on the walls did work,
To place around their cannon.
*O'er the water,* &c.

The W—gs in curſed cabals meet,
Againſt the Lord's Anointed;
Their helliſh projects he'll defeat,
And they'll be diſappointed.
*O'er the water,* &c.

Sedition and rebellion reigns
O'er all the B—tiſh nation;
Why ſhould we thus like cyphers ſtand,
And nothing do but gaze on?
*O'er the water,* &c.

Brave Britons rouſe to arms, for ſhame,
And ſave your K—g and nation;
For certainly we are to blame,
If we loſe this occaſion.
*O'er the water*, &c.

The P—ce ſet out for Edinburgh town,
To meet with C—pe's great army,
In fifteen minutes he cut them down,
And gain'd the victory fairly.
*O'er the water*, &c.

## STRUAN ROBERTSON'S HOLY ODE.

WHEN I ſurvey this mighty frame,
With all its orbs around,
Still in motion, ſtill the ſame,
In ſpace without a bound:
The various ſeaſons of the year,
In beauteous orders all;
Which to our reaſon makes it clear,
That a GOD muſt govern all.

Yet do we ſee to our diſgrace,
Of miſcreants profane,
A ſtubborn, perverſe, crooked race,
That impiouſly maintain,
Becauſe they proſper in their luſt,
And virtue's force defy,
The heav'ns approve of the unjuſt,
Or there's no GOD on high.

Should ſhallow men in reaſon low
Compare to thee always,
Preſume he doth the ſecrets know,
That are hid from human eyes.
Should ſhallow men thy deeps explore,
The Godhead were but ſmall;
Thy heav'nly care needs be no more,
And man may rule the ball.

But, O! thy providential ſpring,
Surpaſſes human ken,
That looks to the minuteſt thing,
That moves, as well as men;
Permitting or commanding ſtill,
In each thy pow'r expreſt;
And all perform their good or ill,
As ſuits thy glory beſt.

Why then ſhould trials of mankind,
Which thou on them beſtows,
Exalt a ſubluniary mind,
Or yet depreſs it low.
The wicked thou permitt'ſt to reign
And bloom but for a while,
The righteous do drag their chain
'Till heav'n think fit to ſmile.

O ſacred J——s let not thy lot,
Though ſeemingly ſevere,
Make thee ſuſpect thy cauſe forgot,
Thy croſſes nobly bear.
He, who thy heart hath in his hand,
Truſt thou his holy ſkill;
He hath the people at command,
And turns them at his will.

But thou, who ſit'ſt upon the th—ne
Of St——t's ancient race,
Aband'ning in thy rightful own,
To fill another's place.
A crown's but a precarious thing,
Thy fate thou doth not ſee;
They who betray'd their native K—g,
Can ne'er be true to thee.

Now, O eternal Source of love!
Extend thy gracious hand,
And haſten juſtice from above,
To this unhappy land.
O let our panting hearts have peace,
And innocence reſtore,
Then ſhall our ſenates act with grace,
Offending thee no more.

## *GOD SAVE THE KING.*

BRITONS, who dare to claim,
That great an' glorious name,
Rouſe at the call;
See Britiſh honour fled,
Corruption's influence ſpread,
Slavery rears its head,
And freedom fall.

Church, K—g, and liberty,
Honour and property,
All are betray'd.
Foreigners rule the land,
Our blood and wealth command,
Obſtructed with lawleſs hand,
Juſtice and truth

That thou ſhouldſt ſit here,
By the ſhades and complain;
What is't that perplexes
Or troubles thy brain:
It was cloſe by an elm
Where his pipe and crook lay,
But his heart was ſo grieved
Not one tune cou'd he play.

Alas! quo' the ſhepherd,
The theme of my ſong,
Is, ſince our old landlord
Is o'er the ſea gone,
Hogan-mogan has ſeiz'd,
And kept all for his own,
And from *plenty* to *want*
Our Country is grown.

Our rents they are rais'd,
And our taxes increaſe,
And all is becauſe
We have ta'en a new leaſe.
So dull are my notes,
On my pipe I can't play
The tune I was wont,
Since our Landlord's away.

Now, O eternal Source of love!
Extend thy gracious hand,
And haſten juſtice from above,
To this unhappy land.
O let our panting hearts have peace,
And innocence reſtore,
Then ſhall our ſenates act with grace,
Offending thee no more.

## *GOD SAVE THE KING.*

BRITONS, who dare to claim,
That great an ' glorious name,
Rouſe at the call;
See Britiſh honour fled,
Corruption's influence ſpread,
Slavery rears its head,
And freedom fall.

Church, K—g, and liberty,
Honour and property,
All are betray'd.
Foreigners rule the land,
Our blood and wealth command,
Obſtructed with lawleſs hand,
Juſtice and truth

That thou ſhouldſt ſit here,
By the ſhades and complain;
What is't that perplexes
Or troubles thy brain:
It was cloſe by an elm
Where his pipe and crook lay,
But his heart was ſo grieved
Not one tune cou'd he play.

Alas! quo' the ſhepherd,
The theme of my ſong,
Is, ſince our old landlord
Is o'er the ſea gone,
Hogan-mogan has ſeiz'd,
And kept all for his own,
And from *plenty* to *want*
Our Country is grown.

Our rents they are rais'd,
And our taxes increaſe,
And all is becauſe
We have ta'en a new leaſe.
So dull are my notes,
On my pipe I can't play
The tune I was wont,
Since our Landlord's away.

Heav'ns bliſs our great Maſter,
And ſend him again,
E'er famine and poverty,
Kill the poor ſwain;
For the Dutch and the Germans,
Our lands they do keep;
They fleece this poor nation
As I fleece my ſheep.

Chear up, honeſt ſhepherd,
And calm thy griev'd heart;
Girt thy ſword by thy ſide,
Act a true Britiſh part:
Girt thy ſword by thy ſide,
Throw thy ſheep-hook away,
For our Landlord is coming,—
We'll clear him the way.

See the glaſs how it ſparkles
With true Engliſh corn;
Here HIS health, honeſt ſhepherd,
And a ſpeedy Return.
And, when he comes o'er
He ſhall have all his own,
And with diſgrace Hannover
Muſt yield up the Crown.

## *MOURNFUL MELPOMENE.*

*Written by* Princeſs ELISABETH *Daughter of His moſt ſacred Majeſty* King CHARLES I. *of England*, &c. &c.

### PART I.

To the Tune of ROBIN ADAIR.

MOURNFUL Melpomene,
Aſſiſt my quill,
That I may penſively
Now make my will;
Guide thou my hand to write,
And ſenſes to indite,
A Lady's laſt good night;
Oh! pity me.

I that was nobly born,
Hither am ſent;
Like to a wretch forlorn,
Here to lament,
In this moſt ſtrange exile;
Here to remain a while,
'Till Heav'n be pleas'd to ſmile,
And ſend for me.

My friends cannot come nigh
Me in this place,
Nor keep me company
Such is my caſe:
Poor am I left alone,
Few to regard my moan;
All my delights are gone,
Heav'n ſuccour me.

Each day, with care and fears,
I am perplex'd;
My drink is briniſh tears,
With ſorrow mix'd:
When others ſoundly ſleep,
I ſadly ſob and weep,
Oppreſt with dangers deep:
LORD, comfort me.

When England flouriſhed,
My parents dear
Tenderly nouriſh'd me
Many a year;
I was advanc'd high,
In place of dignity,
With golden bravity,
They decked me.

## PART II.

My garments dreſs'd with pearl,
Richly approv'd,
Ne'er was an Engliſh girl
Better belov'd;
Old and young, great and ſmall,
Waited upon my fall,
I had the love of all,
That did know me.

But from my former ſtate,
I am call'd back,
Through deſtiny and fate,
All goes to wreck;
Fortune did lately frown,
And caught me by the crown,
So pull'd me headlong down:
Oh! woe's me.

My dear friends are decay'd
Who lov'd me beſt;
Ne'er was a harmleſs maid
So much diſtreſt:

My father he is dead,
My brother's baniſhed,
All joy is from me fled:
Heav'n comfort me.

How well are theſe at eaſe,
And ſweetly bleſt,
That may go where they pleaſe,
And where they liſt;
To ſee their parents kind,
As Nature doth them bind,
Such joys I cannot find,
Oh! woe's me.

All earthly joys are gone,
I will, and muſt,
Only in GOD alone
Firm put my truſt.
Adieu to joy and eaſe!
I enjoy none of theſe;
O! may it heav'n pleaſe
To pity me!

## A SONG.

Tune, *Come, let us prepare*, &c.

HERE's a health to the KING,
Whoſe right 'tis to reign,
Tho' ſupplanted by a race of Uſur—rs;
To our ſhame and diſgrace,
That mean ſpurious race
Are ador'd by flagatious diſturbers.

Such an upſtart baſe crew,
We're ſo peſter'd with now,
Whoſe anceſtor was, Count Con—ſm—k's baſtard:
By a nation of fools,
And degenerate ſouls,
We're beray'd, to the race of that blackguard.

The Rev'lution did bring,
A vile Sodomite K—g,
What a ſhocking curſs'd monſter in nature!
Yet they glory'd in him,
Tho' it was in their ſhame,
To embrace that abominable creature.

Heaven pity our grief,
And ſend ſpeedy relief,
From Taxations laid on by Intruders;
And from perj'ry, the creed
Of the curs'd Ger—an Breed,
From their mercenary ſlaves and deluders.

## A SONG.

To the Tune of *Chevy Chaſe.*

God proſper long our noble KING,
And ſave us from our foes;
A woeful ſtrife is now begun,
And like to end in blows.
Betwixt the K—g and patriots,
Who ſtruggle to maintain
Our right, our liberties, and trade,
Againſt th' inſults of Spain.

But German G——ge, our choſen K—g,
To thoſe he does preſer,
The ſaftey, riches, and the peace'
Of his dear Hannover.

For theſe h' ingloriouſly deſerts,
The cauſe of liberty;
Our freedom and our friends he ſells
For a neutrallity.

This cowardly P—ce, with high hot ſpurs,
Does tamely now look on,
Sees England's trade and Auſtrian's pow'r,
By France and Spain undone,
Three hundred thouſand Engliſh pounds,
Was granted chearfully,
At's own deſire, for to defend
The Queen of Hungary.

Twelve thouſand foreign forces rais'd,
Her intereſt to advance,
Our cauſe and Europe's to preſerve
Againſt the views of France.
Two hundred ſail of men of war
Were ſporting on the main,
While twice as many merchant ſhips
Were carried into Spain.

Our credit's ſunk our money ſpent,
Our trade is quite decay'd;
Our taxes riſe, our debts increaſe,
By Hannover betray'd.

Well may we read our dreadful ſin,
In our dire puniſhment,
A foreigner we brought,—and ſent
Our own in baniſhment.

## A SONG:

To the Tune of *To Canton me.*

WHILE thus I view fair Briton's iſle,
And ſee my Sov'r—n in exile;
An Uſurper ſitting on his th—ne,
Who can but our ſad fate bemoan?
*Be valiant ſtill,*
*Be valiant ſtill,*
*Be ſtout, and be bold,*
*And be valiant ſtill.*

I hope the day will come to paſs
When we with joy ſhall drink our glaſs,
Here's a health to all the loyal few,
And curſe come on the Wh—giſh crew.
*Be valiant, &c.*

Ye Gods! reſtore our P—ce again,
And eaſe each ſubject of his chain;
Let highland chieftains conſtant be,—
Theſe are the men will wanton me.
*Be valiant*, &c.

Here's to the lads who will be free,
In the juſt cauſe will fight or die;
And ſhare their fate by land and ſea,
Theſe are the lads will wanton me.
*Be valiant*, &c.

Though butcher W—lie gain'd the day
By treachery and nae fair play,
Let equal numbers take the field,
The highland lads will make them yield.
*Be valiant*, &c.

When at Glad—nir's battle brave,
You like a Hero did behave;
Your gracious pardon they receiv'd,
Yet William-like they you deceiv'd.
*Be valiant*, &c.

May Neptune waft our P—ce ſoon o'er
To join his Clans on Albion-ſhore;
May England ſoon her error ſee,
And aid the cauſe of heav'n and thee.
*Be valiant*, &c

That thus the iſle with one applauſe
Make thee Defender of our laws,
And baniſh home th' uſurping loun,
And on thy head ſet thy own cr—wn.
*Be valiant*, &c.

O Cum—land! that hateful name,
Who Nero-like obtained fame,
For cruelties unheard of, ſure;
What Britiſh ſoul can this endure!
*Be valiant*, &c.

Then let us join with one conſent,
It's better late than ne'er repent,
To drive th' Uſurper o'er the main,
And welcome back our P—ce again.
*Be valiant*, &c.

Then we'll enjoy a glorious peace,
Not like uſurpers with diſgrace;
And dupes to France we'll never be,
As pulpit-drums have ſaid of thee.
*Be valiant*, &c.

## A SONG.

*Tune*, The bonny Boatman.

WAVE o'er, wave o'er to your native ſhore,
My brave, my bonny Scotſman,
Where you may ſee the foreign pow'rs,
Our intereſt quite forgot, man:
Your country need, your ſubjects bleed,
And dare not ſtir a foot, man,
For want of thee upon our head,
My brave, my bonny Scotſman.

For, the Gods above, I dare not move,
They've never yet engag'd, man;
And horrid lies breed perjury,
And dreadful ſacrilege, man.
My Grand-Sire's ghoſt hangs o'er your coaſt,
Forbids me to come o'er, man,
'Till you retrieve what you have loſt,
And clear for me the crown, man.

Then holy Abraham interceed,
For this afflicted iſle, man,
As once for Sodom before you did,
Although not worth your while, man;

May Neptune waft our P—ce ſoon o'er
To join his Clans on Albion-ſhore;
May England ſoon her error ſee,
And aid the cauſe of heav'n and thee.
*Be valiant*, &c

That thus the iſle with one applauſe
Make thee Defender of our laws,
And baniſh home th' uſurping loun,
And on thy head ſet thy own cr—wn.
*Be valiant*, &c.

O Cum—land! that hateful name,
Who Nero-like obtained fame,
For cruelties unheard of, ſure;
What Britiſh ſoul can this endure!
*Be valiant*, &c.

Then let us join with one conſent,
It's better late than ne'er repent,
To drive th' Uſurper o'er the main,
And welcome back our P—ce again.
*Be valiant*, &c.

Then we'll enjoy a glorious peace,
Not like uſurpers with diſgrace;
And dupes to France we'll never be,
As pulpit-drums have ſaid of thee.
*Be valiant*, &c.

## A SONG.

*Tune*, The bonny Boatman.

WAVE o'er, wave o'er to your native ſhore,
My brave, my bonny Scotſman,
Where you may ſee the foreign pow'rs,
Our intereſt quite forgot, man:
Your country need, your ſubjects bleed,
And dare not ſtir a foot, man,
For want of thee upon our head,
My brave, my bonny Scotſman.

For, the Gods above, I dare not move,
They've never yet engag'd, man;
And horrid lies breed perjury,
And dreadful ſacrilege, man.
My Grand-Sire's ghoſt hangs o'er your coaſt,
Forbids me to come o'er, man,
'Till you retrieve what you have loſt,
And clear for me the crown, man.

Then holy Abraham interceed,
For this afflicted iſle, man,
As once for Sodom before you did,
Although not worth your while, man;

If eight righteous had been found
For them, GOD would have ſav'd all,
But here's a hundred-thouſand honeſt men
Who ne'er bow'd knee to Baal, man.

## A SONG.

*Tune*, Nanſy's to the Green-wood gane.

YE W—gs are a rebellious crew,
The plague of this poor nation;
Ye give not GOD nor Cæſar due,
Ye ſmell of reprobation:
Ye are a ſtubborn perverſe pack,
Conceiv'd and nurs'd by treaſon,
Your practices are foul and black,
Your principles 'gainſt reaſon.

Your Hogan-Mogan foreign things
GOD gave them in diſpleaſure;
Ye brought them o'er and call'd them *K—gs*,
They've drain'd our blood and treaſure.
Can ye compare your King to mine,
Your G—die and your W—lie;
Compariſons are odious,
A docken to a lilie.

Our Darien can witneſs bear,
And ſo can our Glencoe, Sir;
The South Sea it can make appear
What to our King we owe, Sir:
We have been murder'd, ſtarv'd, and rob'd,
By thoſe your K—gs and knav'ry;
And, all our treaſure is ſtock-jobb'd,
While we groan under ſlav'ry.

Did e'er the rightful St——t's race,
Declare it if you can, Sir,
Reduce you to ſo bad a caſe,—
Hold up your face and anſwer:
Did he who ye expell'd the th—ne
Your iſlands e'er harraſs ſo,
As thoſe whom ye have plac'd thereon,
Your Brunſwick and your Naſſau.

By ſtrangers we are rob'd and kill'd,
This ye muſt plainly grant, Sir,
Whoſe coffers with our wealth are cramm'd,
Whilſt we muſt ſtarve for want, Sir.
Can ye compare your K—g to mine
Your G—die and your W—lie;
Compariſons are odious,
A bramble to a lilie?

Your P—ce's mother was a whore,—
This ye cannot deny, Sir;
Or why liv'd ſhe in yonder tour,
Confin'd there 'till ſhe died, Sir.
Can ye compare your Queen to mine,
I know ye're not ſo ſilly;
Compariſons are odious,
A docken to a lilie.

His ſon is a poor matchleſs ſot,
His own pappa ne'er lov'd him;
And F—kie is an idiot,
As they can ſwear who prov'd him.
Can ye compare your P—ce to mine,
Your F—kie and your W—lie;
Compariſons are odious,
A muſhroom to a lilie.

## OVER THE WATER TO C—LIE.

WHEN C——lie came to Edinburgh-town,
And a' his friends about him,
How pleas'd was I for to go down,
I cou'd not be merry without him.

But ſince that o'er the ſeas he's gone,
The other ſide landed fairly,
I'd freely quit wi' a' that I have,
To get over the water to C——lie.

There's nothing heard of in this town,
But talking of 'heading and hanging;
If you ſpeak the truth they threaten to kill,
If not with that they'll hang you,
But GOD, who ſits in heavens high,
Their injur'd oaths hears early,
He quickly ſends his vengeance down,
And puniſhes them ſeverly.

No doubt you have heard from C—liſle,
Of ſuch a damnable jury,
But GOD is juſt, and will not let paſs,
But will puniſh them with fury,
He'll ſend them headlong down to Hell,
Which will happen right early,
Becauſe they hadn't compaſſion, when judg'd
The friends of the royal P—ce C——lie.

O! hard fate! has been thy lot,
But GOD he will protect thee,
So as he has done heretofore,
He never will neglect thee.

And ſend thee o'er the ſeas again,
Wi' thouſands landed fairly,
And then true Scotſmen will rejoice,
When once they've gallant C——lie.

## A SONG.

CHORUS. *You're welcome C——lie St——t,*
*You're welcome C——lie St——t,*
*You're welcome C——lie St——t,*
*There's none ſo right as thou art.*

HAD I but power to my will,
I'd make you famous by my quill;
Thy foes I'd ſcatter, take, and kill,
From Billingſgate to Duart.
*You're welcome,* &c.

Your ſympathizing complaiſance
Made you believe intriguing France;
But woe's my heart for that miſchance
Which ſaddens ev'ry true heart.
*You're welcome,* &c.

Had you Cul—den battle won
Poor Scotland ne'er had been undone,
Nor butchered with ſword and gun
By Lo—hart and ſuch cowards.
*You're welcome,* &c.

The miniſtry the Scots miſcall,
But our brave hearts they'll ne'er enthral;
We'll fight each one like heroes all
For liberty and St——ts.
*You're welcome*, &c.

Altho' that Cum—land, the proud,
Doth thirſt and hunger after blood,
JEHOVAH will preſerve the good
To welcome C——lie St——t.
*You're welcome*, &c.

Whene'er I take a glaſs of wine
I drink confuſion to the ſwine,
A health to thoſe who will combine,
And fight for C——lie St——t.
*You're welcome*, &c.

## A SONG.

COME, let us drink a health,
A health unto our KING;
We'll drink no more in ſtealth,
But make our glaſſes ring;

For E—land muſt ſurrender,
To him they call Pre—nder;
God our faith's defender,
Our loyal lawful K—g.

It's he alone deſerveth
To fill the ſacred place;
It's he alone preſerveth
The St——t's ancient race;
For, ſince by demonſtration,
He's come into our nation;
Let each man in his ſtation,
Receive his K—g in peace.

Nor will we by deluſion
With Hoggan-Moggan join,
Nor will we by deriſion
Loſe both our blood and K—g:
We'll pull down uſurpation,
In ſpite of abjuration;
And make this ſtubborn nation
Great J——s's right to own.

## A SONG.

*To the Tune of* Old Killicranky.

At Auchindown, the Tenth of June,
How merry, blyth, and gay, Sir;
Each lad and lass did fill their glass,
To drink a health that day, Sir:
We drank the King, and all that sings,
The St——ts and the Gordons;
K—g J——s the VIII. we'll for him fight,
And away with cuckold G—die.

We took a spring and danc'd a fling,
And vow but we were vogie!
We did not fear, tho' we were near,
The Campbells in Strathbogie;
Nor yet the loons, the black dragoons,
In Fochabers dull lazy:
If they durst come, we'd chase them home,
And pack them to their grasing.

We meant no harm, to know alarm,
Nor thought of any danger;
But, like the bless'd, did dance and kiss,
As innocent as angels:

And, juſt like thoſe, who were diſpos'd
To mirth, and holy pleaſure;
We envy'd none beneath the ſun,
Nor G—— ge, nor all his treaſure.

I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
My heart ſhall ſtill record it;
My toaſt ſhall be, by land and ſea,
My bonny Jenny Gordon:
When the firſt, I always thirſt
To drink that dear ſweet portion;
If on the laſt I ſhould be caſt,
By Jove! I'd drink the ocean.

When ſhe does dance, and caſt a glance,
What lively charming motions!
My heart at that plays, pitty pat,
And weighs a double portion:
But, vow, alas! that bonny laſs,
Is prepoſſeſs'd with notion,
That none ſhould kiſs, or taſte that bliſs,
Without the prieſt's devotion.

But I have been abroad, and ſeen
The ways of other nations,
And, from the Pope, indulgence got,
And private toleration,

That any laſs that would confeſs
To me as holy father,
I'd pardon that, and prove the fact
To be a merit rather.

## A SONG.

*Tune*, To arms, to arms.

BRAVE C——s, brave C——s,
Shall win the glorious day;
Haſte, haſte; haſte, haſte;
To his ſtandard haſte away.

The martial P—ce himſelf commands, &c.
And leads up all, &c.
His conqu'ring bands.
The martial P—ce, &c.

Then Britons behold, &c.
Behold the warlike youth,
Speaks, breathes, and defends, &c.
Your darling liberties with truth.

Shake off, ſhake off, &c.
The Han—verian yoke
Godlike C——s, &c.
Shall give the wiſh'd-for ſtroke.

He's at your gates with ſword in hand, &c.
With ſword in hand;
Reſtore yourſelves, &c.
Again to his command.

He'll chaſe away, away from ancient Albion's ſhore,
The tyrant's race, &c.
Shall ſway the ſcepter no more.
The tyrant's race, &c.

Behold, behold, &c. th' Uſurper mercy craves,
Glorious Edward, &c. mercy quickly gives;
The godlike P—ce revenge ſuſpends, &c.
His mortal foe, &c. unpuniſh'd home he ſends.

Then, Britons, rejoice, &c.
The golden age again's your own,
Whilſt, whilſt your true P—ce, &c.
And native Hero mounts the th—ne.

## A SONG.

*Tune*, Clout the Caldron.

THIS comes from your quondam wife,
Whereas ſome call me queen, Sir;
You never lov'd me in my life,
As many oft have ſeen, Sir:
But I for you retain a love,
And ſuch as you deſerve, Sir;
Therefore I beg that you'll remove,
And I'll for you reſerve, Sir,—

A place, which I, with all my wits,
Have purchas'd ſince from home, Sir;
It is in Hell with fiends to dwell,
I pray, dear G—die, come, Sir.
But, come not by yourſelf, great Lord,
For fear you need a guide, Sir,
Altho' I'm ſure you can't miſtake,
The road to its right wide, Sir.

I pray make haſte, ruſh to the place,
For you it is prepar'd, Sir;
It's at Satan's right-hand race:
A portion to be ſhar'd, Sir,

With Cr—well and auld Willie buck,
Two tyrants like yourſell, Sir,
They had the luck for to be ſtuck
In the worſt place of Hell, Sir.

I ſay, make haſte, do not delay,
I beg you will not ſtay, Sir;
And with you bring your bairns and mine,
They dare not diſobey, Sir:
Forget not Will, my favourite,
Leave him you'll not come ſpeed, Sir,
For all of you have not the wit
To come unleſs he bid, Sir.

This I've heard Satan oft declare
That Hell will ne'er be fu', Sir,
'Till a' the G—man race be there,
And then he'll have enew, Sir.
Here Lo—hart ſtands to guard us all,
A cent'nal very fit, Sir;
Eternally in poſt inſtall'd,
We dare not bid him flit, Sir.

## THE DEVIL AND GEORGE MILTON.

Tune, *A Cobler there was*, &c.

As the Devil was marching o'er Briton's fair isle,
George ſpy'd in his phiz a particular ſmile,
And cries, my old friend, if you've leiſure to tarry,
Let's have an account of what makes you ſo merry.

*Derry down*, &c.

Old Beelzebub turn'd, at a voice he well knew,
And, ſtopping, cry'd, Oho! brother George is it you?
Were my bus'neſs of conſequence ever ſo great,
I always find time on my friends for to wait.

*Derry down*, &c.

At ſev'n in the morning I ſet out for Rome,
Moſt fully intending 'fore now to been home;
Stay couſin, ſays George, and takes hold of his hand,
You know that St James is at your whole command.

*Derry down*, &c.

Oh! what ſays the Pope, our Monarch went on?
And what does he think of my enemy's ſon?
When firſt I came there his companion reply'd,
I own he had mighty great hopes on his ſide.

*Derry down*, &c.

Dejected I heard the ſad news I muſt own,
I thought our affairs would be turn'd upſide down;
Were a St——t to govern old England again
Religion and honeſty then too would reign.

*Derry down*, &c.

But ſoon from the North there arriv'd an expreſs,
I thought myſelf almoſt at heav'n I confeſs,
Defeated was C——s, his forces all flown,
I thought, on my ſoul, I would leap'd o'er the moon.

*Derry down*, &c.

I oftentimes viſit at France and at Spain,
To talk with my princes, and ſee how they reign;
But, of all my good kings, South, Eaſt, North, and Weſt,
I ſpeak it ſincerely, G——e, thou art the beſt.

*Derry down*, &c.

Our monarch reply'd, (looking wiſe as an aſs,)
Come, none of your compliments, take up your
glaſs;
Tho' the trouble I give you be not much I own,
For, as to religion, you know I have none.
*Derry down*, &c.

Look down on my offspring, there's F—kie
my ſon,
Who you wiſh, and I wiſh, may come to the
throne:
For, by all men of wiſdom and ſenſe it's allow'd,
He'll do you no ill, if he do you no good.
*Derry down*, &c.

Here's W—e, thy darling my beſt belov'd boy,
Can raviſh, and murder, can burn, and deſtroy;
Treads honour, and mercy, and faith on the
ground,
Now, where's there another ſuch imp to be
found?
*Derry down*, &c.

Who ne'er felt compaſſion or ſhame in his life,
I wou'd think him your own, could I doubt of
my wife,

With all kind of vice by Nature he's ſtor'd,
And religion ſha'nt ſpoil him, I give you my word.

*Derry down*, &c.

The parley thus ended, they both bid, Adieu!
And Beelzebub mutter'd theſe words as he flew,
" May Heaven grant thee and thy race to
" reign on,
" For the Devil can't find ſuch a ſett when
" your'e gone.

*Derry down*, &c.

## A SONG.

SINCE royal P—ce C——s is come to this land,
To fight for his country, his ſword in his hand;
He's put on his plaid, and alſo his trouze,
To honour the Scots, give the Engliſh their dues.

*And weel may he bruik his highland trouze,*
*And weel may he bruik his highland trouze,*
*My heart did rejoice when they told me the news,*
*And weel may he bruik his highland trouze.*

And, when he put on his bonnet ſo blue,
The Clans they flock'd round him with hearts leil and true;
And ſaid, ſince our tartans you do not deſpiſe,
To fight for our KING in a body we'll riſe,
*And weel may he bruik*, &c.

Theſe thirty long years we've liv'd in diſgrace,
Oppreſs'd by the curs'd Han—verian race,
But ſoon we will pack them off, and begone,
And call home K—g J——s to ſit on the throne.
*And weel may he bruik*, &c.

## A SONG.

CHORUS. *Up and rin awa', Willie,*
*Up and rin awa', Willie,*
*The Highland Clans will riſe again,*
*And ſend you far awa', Willie.*

P—CE C——s he'll be back again
Wi' Clans both great and ſma', Willie,
We'll join him, and kill ev'ry man,
And make you pay for a' Willie.
*Up and rin*, &c.

Therefore give o'er to burn and ſlay,
And ruin on ſend a', Willie;
Or you may get your butcher's horns,
Your own praiſe for to blaw, Willie.
*Up and rin*, &c.

For had the Clans been there that day,
As they were far awa', Willie,
They'd chas'd you faſter off the field,
Than ever wind did blaw, Willie.
*Up and rin*, &c.

You may thank GOD, and bleſs your ſtars,
That de'il a Clan you ſaw, Willie,
Or Piſtol-durk, or edge-claymore,
Your logger-head to claw, Willie.
*Up and rin*, &c.

Then take my laſt and beſt advice,
Pack bag and baggage a', Willie,
To Hannover if you be wiſe,
Take F—kie and G——e, and a', Willie.
*Up and rin*, &c.

There's one thing yet almoſt forgot,
Perhaps this may be twa, Willie;
Be ſure you write us back again,
How they receiv'd you a', Willie.
*Up and rin*, &c.

## A SONG.

And from home I wou'd be,
And from home I wou'd be,
And from home I wou'd be,
To ſome foreign country,
To tarry for a while,
'Till heav'n think fit to ſmile;
Bring our K—g from exile
To his own country.

God ſave our lawful K—g,
And from danger ſet him free;
May the Scots, Engliſh, and Iriſh,
Flock to him ſpeedily:
May the ghoſts of the martyrs,
Who did for loyalty,
Naunt the rebels that did fight
Againſt their King and country.

May the Devil take the D—tch,
And drown them in the ſea,
Willie butcher, and all ſuch,
High-hanged may they be.

Curſe on the volunteers
To all eternity,
Who did fight againſt our P—ce
In his own country.

May the rivers ſtop and ſtand
Like walls on ev'ry ſide;
May the brave highland lad fight;
JEHOVAH be his guide.
LORD, dry up the river Forth,
As thou didſt the Red ſea,
When the Iſraelites did paſs
To their own country.

Let th' Uſurper go home
To Hannover with ſpeed,
And all his ſpurious race
Go far beyond the ſeas:
Then we'll crown our lawful K—g,
With mirth and jollity;
And we'll end our days in peace
In our own country.

## AN ANTHEM.——June 10th, 1735.

*To the Tune of* DELIA.

O J——s! how long ſhall we bemoan
Thy abſence from thy rightful th—ne?
How long ſhall we be ſore oppreſt
With G—man blood, and D—kes at beſt?

G——e rides our backs, Bob guides the reins,
While Madam Dugs fits out our chains:
Theſe three conſpire to work it out,
To put our ruin out of doubt.

How long ſhall ſacred right be ſtain'd,
With perjury, and be profan'd
With feign'd lips that pray on high,
While inward thoughts give them the lie.

The ſacred uſe of oaths is gone,
And honeſty is rooted down:
Deiſts and rakes our iſles command,
And loyaliſts with ſcorn they brand.

Kind heav'ns! look down upon our times,
And free us from thoſe helliſh crimes:
Reſtore our rightful injur'd K—g,
And pull away the German thing.

Then juſtice would live in our iſles,
Deſpiſing all the w—giſh wiles:
Faction ſhould ceaſe, and fiery rage;
O! then we'd have a golden age!

## A HYMN.

O great eternal GOD above,
Who guides us night and day,
From monſtrous tyrants on the earth
Who ſeek our life away.

Preſerve that glorious harmleſs P—ce,
Who puts his truſt in thee;
And from his wild uſurping foes
For ever keep him free.

Whatever you ordain'd him for
Is more than I can ore;
But ſtill I think it is for good
To him and many more.

In thy due time to cauſe him bring
His Father to his crown,
And relieve many loyal man
Who're baniſh'd from their own.

But LORD I do implore of thee,
In thy due time to ſend
Relief to that injured Youth,
Who ſuffers to this end.

To be the happy inſtrument
Of thy renown'd decree,
And bring thoſe bloody tyrants down,—
Then glory give to thee.

## A SONG.

*Tune,* The Clans are coming, oho! oho!

LET mournful Britons now deplore
The horrors of Drummoſſie-day;
Our hopes of freedom all are o'er,
The Clans are all away, away.
The clemency ſo late enjoy'd,
Converted to tyrannic ſway,
Our laws and friends at once deſtroy'd,
And forc'd the Clans away, away.

His fate thus doom'd, the Scottiſh race
To tyrants' laſting pow'r a prey,
Shall all thoſe troubles never ceaſe?
Why went the Clans away, away?
Brave Sons of Mars no longer mourn,
Your P—ce abroad will make no ſtay,
You'll bleſs the hour of his return,
And ſoon revenge Drummoſſie-day.

*END OF THE SONGS.*

*Learn, Sov'reigns, here, from virtue, how to reign,*
*Warriors to fight, and victories obtain:*
*This bright example merits juſt reſpect,*
*Bluſh, Briton's! what a Maſter ye reject.*

# TRAGI-COMEDY.

## SCENE I.

*Scene draws, and diſcovers* Lady Polly Wemyſs, *ſitting in a mournful poſture, with a Prayer-Book in one hand, and leaning with her head on the other.*

*Enters* Duke *of* Perth *and* Lord Elcho.

*Lady Polly.*

WELCOME, ſweet *Perth*, thou'rt to my ſoul moſt dear.
Say, where's the P—ce? thy diſmal tale I'll hear.

*D. P.* The P—ce is ſafe, and I no terrors feel,
While thus before thy lovely form I kneel.

*L. P.* That humble poſture with your Grace
I'll ſhare,
And to high heav'n, put up my humble pray'r;
The day will come, when we will have our ſhare
Of joys, when all the W—gs ſhall ſit and mourn,
When victory ſhall to our P—ce return;
Blame your miſconduct: Oh! cowardice, I fear;
What firſt gave way? your front, your flank,
or rear?
Why do I ſpeak? your Grace I'd rather hear.

*D. P.* Madam, ſince you command, I willingly obey,
To tell the diſmal ſtory of the day;
When our brave Clans ſo faſt did fall,
By the deſtroying cannon-ball,
The P—ce, for them, to heav'n implor'd,
Give mercy to their ſouls, good LORD!——
His angel voice, their dying ſenſes charm'd,
Life ſtay'd a while, 'till this their P—ce they
warn'd;
Fly, royal Youth, of thy fierce foes beware,
Save, ſave thy life, thy life's our greateſt care;

Let peace and joy in thy bleſt boſom ſhine.
If not on earth, in heav'n thou'lt ever reign:
Too good for men, yet men by thee might mend,
If heav'n, its favourite to mankind would lend:
To die for thee, is a moſt glorious death,—
Therefore, with pleaſure, we reſign our breath.
With briny tears, his manly eyes did flow;
Abaſh'd he ſtood, as tears did weakneſs ſhew:
"Theſe, powerful Nature, theſe, to thee I yield,
But haſte, and bear the wounded off the field;
A tender tribute by their tombs I pay,
But muſt retire, and leave the breathleſs clay;
While their undaunted ſouls do upwards fly,
And ſoon will join their kindred in the ſky;
Then all their ſorrows ſhall be ever o'er,
Death will diſtract, nor pains oppreſs no more:"
The P—ce went off, then thro' the crowd I preſs'd,
I ſaw no more, *Elcho*, you'll tell the reſt.

*L. El.* Our General cry'd, in fury great,
"Though now, you dogs, I muſt retreat;
Yet, by the living GOD, I ſwear!
'Tis neither out of dread or fear,
For ſoon, ſoon we ſhall meet again,
Juſt here, on your victorious plain,

When with your blood, my ſword I'll dye,
And all your helliſh pow'r defy;
He left the field with a majeſtic grace,
And threw his ſword with vigour in their face.

*L. P.* It was nobly done, it was bravely ſaid, my Lord!
Soon may this our General make good his word.

*Enter* Duke *of* Cum—land, *Generals* Halley *and* *Captain* Lockhart.

*D. C.* Beyond our hopes, our foes are put to flight,
Come, tell me, ſoldiers, have I acted right;
Your conduct or your courage who dare blame?
For now immortal is great William's name.
Methinks, I hear the royal Youth, cry out,
Now, ſoldiers, now! We've put them to the route,
Give no quarters to that ſavage crew,
It was their orders to give none to you;
Kill all the wounded, ſee their lateſt breath,
And let them find our mercy in their death.

*D. C.* You heard me then, I hope, I was obey'd;
Curs'd be thoſe wretches who for theſe traitors bleed.

*M. L.* With joy, I did obey your juſt commands,
And ſixty-eight was finiſh'd by my hands.

*D. C.* Well done, my Lockhart, worthy of thyſelf,
You fight for glory and deſpiſeth pelf;
The Proteſtant religion is the cauſe,
May that maintain our liberties and laws:
For thy reward, I give thee this command,
Go, burn and plunder all the northern land,
And be not mov'd by wretched womens cries;
Altho' their ſhrieks ſhould rend the frighted ſkies:
Burn all their houſes, put them to the flight,
Then we'll be ſafe when this is acted right.

*M. L.* One thing I beg, your Highneſs will remember,
To give ſome orders about the young Pretender

*D. C.* Yes, that is right, and this is my desire,
Go, find him out, and bring me his head here,
Tear a broad passage open to his heart,
And there discover each polluted part;
When this is done, come and receive your prize,
We'll have no victory, while that wretch survives.

*C. L.* Your Highness's commands I will obey,
I take your orders in this glorious day;
They in rebellion shall arise no more,
Their sucking babes shall die in blood and gore.

PR—CE, *solus.*

Where shall I go, or whither shall I run,
Yet, for my distressed friends I mourn;
It's for my sake they these ills endure,
But to relieve them is not in my power:
It's true, I have assurance from France,
But oh! methinks, they make but slow advance;
My father's subjects have done much for me,—
O! would our lives help to set them free;
They're not expos'd to their cruel foes,
Kind heav'n relieve them from their dire distress!
Lay more on me and make their suff'rings less;
Or, grant me pow'r their suff'rings to redress;

Lo! yonder do mine enemies appear,
And to this very place they ſeem to ſteer;
I to ſome other deſert muſt retire:
When will this ſcene of miſery expire?
Yet, why do I complain at my hard fate?
It is the will of GOD, and I ſubmit.

## SCENE II.

*Scene changes to the Caſtle of Dumbarton;* Kier *there a priſoner, enters the* Duke *of* Athole, *and the* P—ce's *valet, with* Drummykill, *who has made them priſoners.*

*Kier.*

WHAT diſmal ſcene is this before my eyes,
The Duke of Athole! O! in chains he lyes!
The P—ce's valet too! O! all is o'er!
Where was you bound, my Lord? or to what ſhore?

*D. A.* We left the P—ce, reſolv'd to take our chance,
If poſſibly we might arrive at France,

To ask for aid and succour to our land,—
Now at the mercy of young Cum—land.

*Kier.* The scheme was good; O! did you
but succeed,
You with his Christian Majesty might plead,
And yet assistance, all might yet be well;
But where or when met you with Dr—mykell,
The bane of mankind, and the spawn of Hell

*D. A.* A friend did recommend me to his
care,
Who of his treachery was not aware:
I sent for him to ask if I was safe,
He kindly said, "Your Grace shall lodging
have;
I am your friend, in me you may confide:
Stay here to-night, to-morrow go for Clyde."
Then all my papers to his care I gave,
On any event that they might be safe.
He said, "I'll go, a vessel to prepare,
Then you may sail whene'er the wind blows
fair."
I thanked God for ev'ry favour past,
Especially I thank'd him for the last;

For giving me a friend, ſo kind and juſt,
In whom I thought I could with ſafety truſt.
Then he went out, but where I cannot learn,
For ſoon he did my ſervants all diſarm;
Then came to me, ſaid, "Your my priſoner,
And to Dumbarton-caſtle muſt repair:"
I called on my ſervants to my aid,
"Yes, here they come," thus he did me upbraid;
"Come, get on horſeback, I'll have no delay,
No rebel in my houſe ſhall ever ſtay."

*Kier.* Good GOD, the traitor, that has you confin'd,
Will be the bane and ſorrow of all mankind;
What helliſh zeal has thy ſad boſom fir'd,
Sure all the devils combin'd to 've you inſpir'd:
But what have you done with his Grace's papers.

*Drum.* They are all ſafe, and far beyond his pow'r
A juſtice of the peace has them ſecure;
A thouſand pound the price upon his head,
A good reward for ſuch a glorious deed:
I'll ſoon be maſter of the noble prize,
And in rebellion he no more ſhall riſe.

*D. A.* Poor man! go on, and triumph for a time,
And may the Pow'rs above forgive your crime;
All you can do is, haſten on my death,
My God and King I'll ſerve while I have breath;
Only I beg you'll ſee my face no more,
Sir, farewel, pleaſe ſee him to the door.

*Dru.* For all the favours that you did receive,
Ungrateful ſoul! are theſe the thanks you give?
What would you have? you poor deluded thing!
Rely upon the mercy of the King.

*Kier.* What did I hear; nay, ſure it was a dream;
Rely upon the mercy of his King!
Where did he ſhew it? to any honeſt man?
Sure he'll extirpate Scotland if he can;
If ſuch a ſoul as he mounts up on high,
There none needs fear a bad eternity.

*D. A.* O! I am fatigu'd my ſtomach & head;
Kier, God be with you, I muſt go to bed.

*Kier.* May the beſt Angel guard you while you ſleep,
And round thy bed his heav'nly vigil keep.

This is a ſcene of life, I plainly ſee,
O'erwhelm'd with care and uncertainty.
Why do we fix our joys on things below,
For all's but vanity and empty ſhow?
Princes love crowns, and men would fain be great;
We'll ſee the prince and beggar ſhare our fate,
When they return to duſt and natural clay——
What noiſe is this! Who comes there?
Muſt there more in my misfortunes ſhare;
O! it is my wife! I ſee amongſt the croud,
[*Enter* Lady Kier, *guarded.*]
I beg kind centry you will not be rude.

*L. K.* I know the voice, and to my Lord I'll flee;
Soldiers take this, and frankly let me free.

*Kier.* How can I welcome you to this ſad place,
Where ſorrow's painted on each human face!
Thoſe chatter'd walls I do with grief behold,
No tapeſtry to ſcreen you from the cold.

*L. K.* I with my love can any ſuff'ring ſhare,
I know no ſorrow while my huſband's near;

For abſence is the greateſt pain to me,
I'd leave a court to be confin'd with thee.
You know I've been in jail with you before;
But now, alas! my care's expanded more.
What would I give to ſave my darling boy,
The comfort of my age and chiefeſt joy!
He's here confin'd perhaps, his life's at ſtake,
Of this affliction a right uſe to make:
May GOD enable me, and ſtill to truſt
On him alone, who 's both good and juſt:
But O! my boy! my heart's with care oppreſt,
Till he's reliev'd I can enjoy no reſt.

*Kier.* Be calm, my love, with patience learn to bear,
Nor never ſay kind heaven is too ſevere;
For who into this wretched world can be
Mortal, and exempt from miſery.

*L. K.* You are a man, bear it as brave's you will,
But let me weep, I'm a poor woman ſtill.

*Kier.* Beſt of thy ſex, and lovelieſt of thy kind!
Weep on, my love, and eaſe thy tortur'd mind:

I only ſtrove to diſſipate your fears,
For who can blame a tender mother's tears.

*Enter a* Servant.

*Servant.* Sir, I beg you'll pardon this intruſion,
But the whole garriſon's in confuſion;
All the ſoldiers to arms are juſt now led,
For my young Maſter and Craigbarnet's fled.

*Kier.* What did you ſay! repeat theſe welcome news!
My ſon got off! what way? *Servant.* In highlandſtronze;
It was Drummykill adviſed them to fly,
He ſaid in womens' cloaths was the beſt way;
Then he deſir'd the governor to be
Upon his guard, for they deſign'd to flee
In womens' cloaths; ſo double all your guards'
Good information merits good rewards.
But wiſely they eſcap'd in highland dreſs,
And now are free from danger and diſtreſs.

*Kier.* Thanks to the gods! my boy has acted right!
I hope he'll ſtay with brave Glengyle to night

*L. K.* For his eſcape, good God! I thee adore,
And for my ſon your gracious aid implore:
Let ſome good angel my poor boy attend,
And from all harm my wanderer defend.
Forgive, O Lord, my fears, and my miſtruſt,
For thou art holy, merciful and juſt;
Mercy to us thou ever does intend,
And ne'er corrects but for the wiſeſt end.
Thou made the world and ev'ry living thing;
Then, from confuſion, Lord, make order ſpring
Relieve the Nations, and reſtore the K—g.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*May heav'n reſtore our good and gracious P—ce*
*To relieve his Friends, and his Foes convince;*
*Then ever ſhall our happy Nations prove,*
*The ſweets of Union, Liberty, and Love.*

# LOYAL POEMS.

## *A POEM,*

ADDRESSED TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

## C——S, P—CE OF W——S.

HAIL! glorious youth! the wonder of the age,
The future ſubject of the hiſtorian's page.
Oh! beſt of P—ces! beſt of Patriots deign,
A loyal Muſe to hail thy happy reign;
Thou born to right three injur'd nation's cauſe,
To ſtrip oppreſſors of oppreſſive laws;
Like heav'n thou cometh, with mercy in thy eyes,
And tears drop down when ev'n a rebel dies.
Where ſhall the Muſe begin to ſing thy praiſe!
Where fix a period to her honeſt lays?

Oh! could my fancy with my will agree,
I ſtill would ſing, and ſtill would ſing of thee.
Vain are the efforts of an artleſs man,
His fire's extinct, and ſhort'ned half his ſpan:
Another Mars ſhall ariſe, whoſe pen
Shall place the Hero with immortal men.
But ſtill, ye Gods! allow me time to breathe,
While to my P—ce's head I add a wrath;
While I contribute one unheaded mite,—
It's all I can, and all for which I write.
Oh! godlike man! what angel ſteers thy courſe?
What GOD directed? where was thy reſource?
Th' Uſurper's fleets in triumph ſcal'd the waves;
The baſe Uſurper's mercenary ſlaves;
Ravenous and bold they ſkip along the main,
With views, dear P—ce, to ſell thy life for gain;
Yet thou undaunted, fearleſs, godlike, rode
In a poor ſhallop,—it was the cauſe of GOD.
And GOD, who ſet at nought th' Aſſyrian's pride,
Thy veſſel guarded under pow'r defy'd:
But ſay, when landed on a native ſhore,
What friends thou found'ſt, or what could foe
do more?
Friends, faithleſs ſome, and ſome by far too ſlow,
O'erwhelm'd thy princely heart with gen'rous
woe;

While foes had deſtin'd thy devoted head,
Like C——s' and M—y's on a block to bleed,
Mean-time, unguarded youth, thou ſtood'ſt alone,
The cruel tyrant urg'd his army on.
But truth and goodneſs were the beſt of arms,
And, fearleſs P—ce, thou ſmil'd at threat'ned harms.
How happy he, where honeſt views preſides!
That is the man the GOD of Nature guides.
This glorious vaſa work'd in ſweediſh mines,
Thus, helpleſs, ſaw his enemies deſigns:
'Till round his hardy Highlanders aroſe,
And pour'd deſtruction on their foreign foes:
Thus ſoon, great Sir, thy honeſt cauſe procur'd.
A loyal race, never ſwore, never abjur'd.
A ſet of men, the terror and the dread
Of the deteſted Han—verian breed;
A ſet of men, whoſe worth was ſcarcely known;
A ſet of men th' Uſurper did diſown:
Diſown'd, indeed, reſerv'd for ſome great blow,
Some hangman-work, like the loyal good Glenco.
Theſe are the few whom heav'n and fate reſerve;
From further ſlav'ry, Scotia to preſerve;
To aid their P—ce, and ſet him on his th—ne,
Strike tyrants dead, make J——s be K—g alone,

These are the hardy sons, the Gods decree,
To set three nations from Usurpers free.
Proceed, great warriors; worthy men, proceed,
And latest ages shall the annals read,—
How hardy, loyal Highlanders alone
Restor'd the St——ts, and set them on their th—ne.
What praise, O Cameron! can the Muse ascribe?
Thou, free from censure, as thou wast from bribe;
Unstain'd, unsully'd, in a corrupt age,—
Reserv'd for fame in every poet's page.
The sun shall fade, the stars shall lose their light,
But Cameron's fame shall never suffer night:
Bright as thyself, it ever shall appear
To all good men, to GOD, and angels, dear,
Thou wast the first that lent thy friendly aid;
Of no Usurper's bloody laws afraid:
Thou wast the first,—and thy example drew,
The honest, loyal, honourable few.
Few, few, indeed! but mighty hearts they had,
Thou, P—ce, their leader, who could be afraid?
So fair a copy all must imitate,
And join to hasten the Usurper's fate.
O'er the black mountains, see the Sons of Fame,
Fearless, advance, and catch the glorious Flame!
They said, Their P—ce they loved & admir'd,—
To glory burn'd,—with loyalty were fir'd.

Ah! name, long loſt, and ſcarcely underſtood,
And only living in the Scottiſh blood;
Soon ſhall it ſpread, and ſoon the flame return,
And ſoon each Britiſh heart with ardour burn.
Oh! Glorious Youth, they cried, while we have breath, [death:
Nought, nought, ſhall part us but immediate
Our honeſt father's loyal blood we ſhare.
Thou art our P—ce, and the righteous Heir.
See, ſee, that face! where all the St—t ſhines.
Is bright divinity in faireſt lines!
See, mild good nature, join'd with noble grace;
Is't not the St——t and Sobieſkie race?
Glorious connection, here the warrior glows,
There, like his great forefathers, mercy flows:
Mercy, ill-tim'd, ill-plac'd, their only crime,
To truſt too much, and truſt it out of time.
Thou, glorious P—ce! how great was thy reply,
"I come to *conquer*, or I come to *die*;
And great the conqueſt if I conquer hearts,—
No joy the field of death ſo great imparts.
Let proud Uſurpers rule by penal laws,
Your P—ce from no ſuch right his title draws.
I come poor Scotia's cauſe to vindicate,
With you I dare the moſt deteſted fate,—
Think not, I'll puniſh ev'ry trait'rous deed;
My arms are open, for my Sons I bleed.

See, here my father's royal word and see,
My actions and his will shall still agree."
The gracious declaration issu'd forth
Resound glad echoes thro' the spacious North;
Repenting subjects, weeping, own their crimes,
Curse th' Usurper and degenerate times;
With noble ardour rush into the field,—
For to such manly goodness all must yield.
See the bold Chiefs their hardy warriors lead!
Eager in such a cause, with such a head!
Glengary, Keppoch, Appin, only weep,
These Thirty years the cause has been asleep:
Nor, good Glenbucket, loyal thro' thy life,—
Wast thou untimely in the glorious strife?
Thy Chief degen'rate, thou his terror stood,
To vindicate the loyal Gordon's blood.
The loyal Gordons, on the gen'rous call,
With C——s and thee, resolv'd to live or fall,
See Athole's Duke! in exile ever true,
His faithful toils for his P—ce renew;
By tyrants first, then by a brother spurn'd,—
Still, still with loyalty his bosom burn'd:
One of the select number dying train
Convey'd their P—ce thro' dangers on the main.
See, how hereditary right prevails!
And see astrea poise the wayward scales!

Th' uſurping brother the Uſurper flies,
While his return is echo'd to the ſkies;
And happy vaſſals to his ſtandard flies.
His worthy brother, burſting into fame.
Aſſerts the honour of the Murray's name:
In council wiſe and glorious in the field,
His P—ce's thunder born with grace to wield.
To hurt deſtruction on inve'trate foes,
And give Britannia long-deſir'd repoſe.
The Murrays glowing with a generous flame,
Afford ſtill ſubject for the nobleſt theme:
But theſe I paſs, their virtues ſpeak their praiſe,
Nor ſhall be loſt by inexpreſſive lays.
But why, Oh! Perth! why ſhould I ſilent be,
Nor tell the world the worth that lives in thee.
Thy hoſpitable doors to foes were wide,
Ev'n to the foes by whom thou wert betray'd;
But heav'n, thy guardian, ſtop'd the threaten'd ill,
And Perth preſerv'd, and will preſerve him ſtill.
Elcho! but words are weak, for who can tell
What godlike actions have expreſs'd ſo well.
Belov'd all ſee Ogilvie appears,
A man in courage tho' a youth in years;
Thy fame, ſucceeding ages pleas'd ſhall read,
And future Airlies emulate each deed.
Thee, Nairn and Gaſk, with rapture could I ſing,
Still true to God, your country, and your K—g:

Loyal and juſt, ſincere as weeping truth,
The ſame in manhood as in early youth:
But, while the ſun the blue horizon glides,
Each little witneſs to his brightneſs yields.
Struan, great chief! whom both Minervas crown'd,
Illuſtrious bard! thou ſufferer of renown:
Long-ſtem'd, like rays ſhot from a clouded ſtar,
In verſe, Apollo; and a Mars in war.
Menzies, reſerv'd to add a noble grace
To an illuſtrious but forgotten race:
A race that added to the Brucian fame.
And riſes now with no diminiſh'd flame,
Th' immortal Grahams! but, ah! without a head!
Yet always ſhew that loyalty's their creed.
Theſe, mighty P—ce, were men, by Heav'n's decree,
Reſerv'd to catch new hopes and life from thee;
Reſerv'd with thee to pull th' Uſurper down,
To right thy country, and to right thy crown.
From *Perth* the ſelect few with courage ſprings,
Bent for Edina's ancient ſeat of Kings;
Nor dreary waſte nor forts their ardour quells,
Not ev'n in heart the meaneſt man rebels.

Thou, glorious P—ce! 'midſt death and danger bred,
Thro' all the willing troops to glory led:
Welcome thou cam'ſt, nor were begotted ſcres
Allowed thy entrance to oppoſe:
Happy, thou com'ſt, to ſave a ruin'd town,
By penal laws and bigotry pull'd down.
Happy Edina! now thy happy joy's complete
Thy Kings again reſume their ancient ſeat:
A P—ce that ſmiles on thee, and ſtill will ſmile,
And make thee great while Britain is an iſle.
His ſoldiers' hands in pity he reſtrains:
For blood and robbing are no St——t's ſtains:
A nauſeous tool, th' uſurper's anger finds
A C—pe, to war againſt GOD, man and winds:
Boldly he march'd, with words blaſphemous fraught,
With death and torture in each coward thought:
Whilſt thou, my P—ce, with mildneſs march'd away,
In God thy hope, without the leaſt diſmay.
But who, great Sir, can drive the dreadful dawn
Where thou appear'd above a mortal man?
Where all thy troops with martial ardour ſtrove,
Who beſt ſhould fight! & beſt deſerve thy love.

The horrid tubes which thunder'd from afar
But urg'd their ardour to the noble war;
While ſculking traitors took themſelves to flight,
Nor dar'd to urge the worthy warrior's might.
Short the ,diſpute—ſoon the flaming ſword
Taught, GOD was with thee, next to him our LORD.
Oh! who can paint the horrors of the day,
The dying, dead, the anguiſh, the diſmay!
Whliſt thou with tears their diſmal fate bemoans,
And flies to help and eaſe ev'n traitors groans:
A glorious character! O! man, divine!
With what immortal honour ſhalt thou ſhine!
Theſe are my children, ſpare, ye ſons of war
Though diſobedient, yet my children, ſpare.
But, ſtop, my Muſe, be conſcious of thy flight,
Nor dare attempt beyond a mortal height:
A Homer only can a C——s draw;——
Retire with wonder and ſubmiſſive awe.

*May the baſe proud Uſurper be haſtily pull'd down,*
*And th' illuſtrious C——s reſtor'd to his own.*

# A POEM

On P—CE C——s's VICTORY at GL—MUIR.

HAIL, happy Scotland! bleſs the long'd-for day,
That ſhines propitious with a chearful ray;
See from her bed thine ancient honour ſprings,
She lifts her creſt, and claps her joyful wings.
No more ſhall eaſe her ſplendid form obſcure,
The ſcornful victim of a foreign pow'r.——
Thy warlike ſons, a brave and gen'rous band,
Contend for freedom, to their native land!
And what bold hand to check their courſe ſhall dare,
While godlike C——s commands the glorious war?
In vain rebellion ſhakes his pointleſs dart,
To damp the valour of his dauntleſs heart,
Firm as a rock he'll ſtem the raging tide,
'Till in full triumph He victorious ride.
But now ſmall ſpace the diff'rent hoſts divide,
The ſcheme is laid on brave M'Donald's ſide,
Night draws her curtains, ere the battle joins,
The rebel-army fires their outmoſt lines.

Not ſo the Clans, but in ſoft ſlumbers laid,——
They wait the morning in their tartan plaid.
Firſt ſtarts the P—ce, ere Phœbus ſhed one ray,
And bleſs'd the dawning of th' important day.
O heav'ns! he ſaid, while heav'n attentive heard,
This day may juſtice have its due reward,
If what I aſk, if what I ſeek be mine,
On me may your indulgent favour ſhine;
But if I am to gain another's right,
May all my forces here be put to flight;
*Amen*, he cries. The army hears around,
And ſprings like light'ning from the humid ground.
Abaſh'd, they view their P—ce, and ſmote their breaſt,
That he ſhould riſe ere they could leave their reſt.
But ſoon compos'd they lend an anxious ear,
And liſt'ning, lean his gracious words to hear.
" My friends, (he ſays, and draws his flaming ſword,)
I truſt my perſon to your ſacred word;
Like you unmail'd, ye view me here all o'er,
The firſt in danger, as the firſt in pow'r:

This day I hope thro' God Almighty's aid,
Ye ſhall a free and happy race be made.
Purſue my ſteps, I'll lead a warlike van,
And ſhould heav'n frown, I'll fall the deſtin'd man;
Yet may that heav'n be all their ſure defence,
Who fight in favour of their injur'd P—ce.
But if good ſucceſs crown our dawning hope,
And we gain conqueſt o'er rebellious C—pe,
This is my will, this is my high beheſt,
In hopes for once you'll grant your P—ce requeſt.
*Car—lus Rex*, the word; let you and I,
Or conquer here, or bravely die.

## A PROPHECY.

*The original of which was found in a Jail in the Room of* Mr Burchet *condemned Prieſt, about the latter end of* Oa[illegible]'s [illegible].

Too late I came into this room,
To have the gift of martyrdom;
But, in ſhort time, I ſhall end my race:
My King will follow in ſhort ſpace.

Then ſhall unſpotted truth outſhine,
And honour paid our lady's ſhrine;
Then pious J——s ſhall mount the th—ne
And to him then a Prince be born,
Who for a while ſhall live in ſcorn.
Whilſt an Uſurper gains his th—ne;
But long he holds it as his own;
Another in his place ſucceeds,
And in the world much miſchief breeds.
In thoſe curs'd days whilſt truth ſuppreſt,
The eagle ſtains his princely neſt;
And with the ſtork doth make a truce,
To prey upon the *Flower de luce*,
When virgin's generoſity,
Shall with no baſe attempts comply:
And then it drooping moſt appears,
It ſoon the loftieſt colours bears.
Then ſhall the eagle and the ſtork
Repent them of their former work,
And with ſubmiſſive kpee ſhall bend,
To the *Flower de luce* and it attend;
And when the Pentecoſt ſhall be
The next day to St Barnaby;
Then e'er a Spring or two be o'er
Expect the P—ce to his native ſhore.

# A POEM

## UPON THE UNLUCKY DEFEAT.

*Quis talia fando,*
*Temperet a lacrymis?* VIRG.

ASSIST my muſe, all ye celeſtial Pow'rs,
On this ſad theme to ſpend ſome diſmal hours.
Can Scotia's ſons, without a tear review
The ſhocking havock 'mongſt the faithful few!
Baſe murders, robb'ries, houſes all on fire,
Mothers with infants, in the flames expire!
Daggers, and death in ev'ry rebel face,
Threaten deſtruction to the loyal race!
And each exulting with infernal joy,
Who moſt did plunder, murder and deſtroy,
Succeſsful vice is now with laurels crown'd,
And lawleſs might, triumphs without a bound.
Shall dire rebellion ſtill the K—g diſown,
And gorge with blood his paſſage to a crown?
What loyal ſubject can his grief ſuppreſs,
When crown and mitre are in ſuch diſtreſs?

ROUSE then my quill and laſh the bloody crew,
Who heav'n defy, and Noll's old game renew.

Dear Scotia's freedom, by that fatal hour,
Was ſacrific'd to Demon's helliſh pow'r.
Her butcher'd ſons lay ſcatter'd all around,
With mangled body's grov'ling on the ground.
Next day the miſcreant troops the field ſurvey'd,
And thoſe who wounded lay, mix'd with the dead.
Were, by their murdering ſwords, ſad victims made.

Hard fate of war! how haſt thou chang'd the ſcene?
What juſt, what glorious enterpriſe made vain?
Pale Nature trembles, and a ſad decay
Succeds the horrors of the fatal day,
Has godlike C——s, ſuch matchleſs glories won?
Conquer'd ſo long, and now almoſt undone.
Muſt thoſe brave cheifs, thoſe worthy patriots yeild?
And to th' Uſurper's forces quit the field?
A bloody, plund'ring, mercenary crew,
Who lately fled, from whom they now purſue.
*Glenco* was nothing to their ſavage rage,
They may compete with the Neronian age.

Curs'd be the barb'rous executing hand,
And doubly curs'd who gave the dire command:
A deed ſo monſtrous, ſhocking even to name,
Will by records of fame, their infamy proclaim.
But ſtop, my Muſe, and curb the laſhing ſtrain,
And learn to bear, what heav'n thinks fit t'ordain,
Let us retire, within our breaſts we'll find,
Sufficient ground why heav'n our cauſe declin'd.
The Babylonians were as void of grace,
As the worſt ſons of captiv'd Jacob's race:
Yet Iſr'el's ſons, the gods peculiar care,
Were for their ſins involv'd in bloody war,
Their temples houſes, all conſum'd by fire,
And want of bread, caus'd thouſands to expire.
Thoſe who ſurviv'd were to Chaldea ſent,
To read their ſins in their juſt puniſhment.
Where they remain'd 'till their repenting tears,
And ardent pray'rs, reach'd the Almighty's ears;
Then Jacob's God, his captiv'd ſon's reſtor'd
To Zion's hill, where they his name ador'd.
Let us with them, while time exiſts repent,
And heav'n will ſoon revoke our puniſhment.
This is the way will lead to happineſs,
And crown our King, and country with ſucceſs.

## *TO THE P——CE.*

Chear up, dear P—ce, kind heav'n will ſend the day,
When rays of joy ſhall make theſe clouds give way,
And *Tenth* of *June* turn *Twenty ninth* of *May*:
'Till that day come we'll ſtill your health remember,
And ſolemnize the *Twentieth* of *December*.

## *On ſeeing the* P——'s *Picture.*

No more can pencil paint thy face,
Than I thy heav'nly mind;
Thy ſoul's adorn'd with ev'ry grace
That viſits human kind.

Yet blinded mortals they deſpiſe,
The offers they reject:
But ſoon I hope they'll ope' their eyes,
And for their good reflect.

Then juſtice ſhall again appear,
And virtue ſhew her face;
Corruption, brib'ry, vaniſh hence!
With all their ſervile race.

## *A POEM.*

PERFIDIOUS Britons! plung'd in guilt,
Rebellious ſons of royal race!
How long, how long will you inſult
Your baniſh'd monarch;—ſhew for grace:
What floods of native blood are ſpilt!
What heaps of treaſure drain the land!
How many ſcourges have ye felt
From the late uſurping tyrant's hand!

An age is paſt, an age to come,
In which your bondage ſtands decreed;
Millions of millions fix your doom,
'Till poverty and ſhame ſucceed.
Contending pow'rs, the Gods begin
To hurl their diſmal threat'nings down,
Shou'd you ſet by the righteous Heir,
And on a ſtranger place the crown.

The Heav'ns their vengeance do begin,
With thunder dart, and havock bring;
Repent, repent the hell-born ſin,——
Call home, call home your injur'd K—g.
His great progenitors have ſway'd
Your ſceptre ne'r the half of time,
And his lov'd race ſhall be obey'd,
'Till time its lateſt ſages claim.

O think! thou daring Scot!
This long ſucceſſion doth entail;
Think how thy gallant fathers fought,
That Fergus' line might never fail.
Let England's worthies bluſh to own
How they the only P—ce withſtood,
That now remains to grace the th—ne
Of your Edward's and your Harry's blood.

Your glorious J——s of royal ſtem,
Your gods vicegerent, and your K—g;
Your peace, your all, combin'd in him,
Haſte, Britons! home your Monarch bring.
Young J——s, heav'n's darling and its care,
The brighteſt Youth the gods e'er made,
For virtue, beauty, ſhape, and air;
For ſhame, for ſhame! call home the K—g.

*On ſeeing the* P—ce's *Picture.*

C. P. W.——*Amor et Spes Britanniæ.*

THE Chriſtian Hero's martial looks here ſhine,
Mixt with the ſweetneſs of the St——t's line.
Courage with mercy, wit with virtue join'd,
A beauteous perſon, with more beauteous mind.
How wiſe! how good when great! when low, how brave!
Who knows to ſuffer, conquer, and to ſave,
Such grace, ſuch virtues, are by heav'n deſign'd
To ſave Britannia and to bleſs mankind.

† WHAT is compaſſion, when no help we lend?
Or who's to ſuff'ring truth the faithful friend?
Not he who whiſpers, fears to think aloud,
Nor dares to ſpeak, or act, but with a crowd;
But he, wiſely bold, does all he can,
And acts the Chriſtian, Patriot, and the Man.

---

† *Theſe laſt Lines are printed in the* Mitre and Crown *for* May, 1749.

Oh! would our friends exert but ſuch a part,
And let the helping hand attend the heart,
Such ſtrength united ſoon would turn the ſcale,
And Chriſtian truth o'er infidels prevail.

## *THE ROYAL TITLES;*

### OR, THE

## HEALTH OF THE DAY.

GOD bleſs, preſerve, and home in ſafety bring,
J——s Third, Great Britain, France, and Ire-
land's K—g,
Prop of the Church, the Chriſtian Faith's De-
fender,
Although by ſome unjuſtly call'd Pre—der;
Of Scotland P—ce, and St——t's Royal Pearl,
Duke Rothſay, Carrick, Cunningham, Kyle's Earl,
Lord of the Iſles, and Baron of Renfrew,
Sheriff of Innerdinning, and Provoſt of Crail too;
Goodman of Ballnageigh, the P—ce of W—s,
The Duke of Cornwal, Earl of Cheſter-Hailes,
Of Ireland, great and mighty Duke of Ulſter,
As alſo, moſt illuſtrious Earl of Munſter;

Chief of the Knights of Thiſtle and the Garter,
The True Succeſſor of the ROYAL MARTYR.

You LOYALISTS, of this who take a view,
Mind to give GOD and Cæſar both their due;
Abhor Rebellious, Wh—giſh, Abjurations,
Their Solemn Leagues, Seditious Declarations;
And now, as One, unite and join together,
To reſtore J——s, late ANNA's Royal Brother.

Th' indulgent heav'n, methinks, appear to ſmile,
And welcome home the long-injur'd EXILE;
Altho' the General Aſs of late appointed,
Set Forms of Prayer againſt the *Lord's Anointed*;
To make their Sins compleat, their Kirk ſecure,
The Perjur'd Rogues, the injur'd P—ce abjure.
But yet we hope to live, and ſee that day,
The Tenth of June turn Twenty ninth of May.

## *AN EPITAPH ON BUTCHER WILLIE.*

WHEN Willie ſhall depart this life,
And from this world be hurl'd.
Sure to expreſs into what place
Would puzzle all the world.

In heav'nly manſions there's no reſt
For one of ſuch contagion;
Nothing unclean can enter in
Within that bleſſed region.
Where ſhall we find a place that's fit!
In Hell he cannot enter:
The Devil no equal will admit;
Then chain him to the Center.
Until that great and dreadful day;
May all the furies ſcourge him!
When heav'n and earth ſhall paſs away,
Then fervent heat will purge him.

## PLAIN TRUTH.

A SONG.—Tune, *A Cobler there was*, &c.

THE Engliſh may brag, but, when all's ſaid and done,
They're blind as an owl in the face of the ſun;
Dutch, Auſtrians, and Heſſians, Sardinians maintain,
To ſupport a falſe K—g in a Proteſtant line.
*Derry down*, &c.

In debt and in danger, and left in the lurch;
No ſpark of religion, tho' mad for the church;
While a mercileſs mob that in ignorance grop,
Will go to the Devil for fear of the Pope.

If taught by religion what text do you bring,
To murder a Prince, or to baniſh a King,
'Twixt your politics falſe, and your principles foul,
You'll ruin your land, and you'll damn your poor ſoul.

Too late you'll repent, but too ſoon you will grieve;
Neither God, nor his church, nor his ſaints you believe;
Still coining religion, you are ſtill at a loſs,
Will nothing provoke ye but the ſign of the croſs.

Your citizens frete, and your countrymen foam,
You're half-kill'd abroad, and half-murder'd at home,
By fatal experience, in time you'll grow wiſe,
And when you're all ruin'd, you'll open your eyes.

If ſects of religion procure not your fall,
It's plain you've too many, or elſe none at all;
Religion's the cant of your politic's ſlaves,
To ſave their own bacon and plunder yourſelves.

You may call this New England inſtead of the Old,
Your ſlavery's bought, and your liberty's ſold.
Within your own bowels you nouriſh your curſe,
Your caſe is ſo bad it can never be worſe.

Your truſt is defeated, the beſt journeymen broke,
New penſioners hir'd juſt to ſettle the yoke,
With ſeven years 'prenticeſhip under a Turk,
New taxes and levies will ſettle the work.

Now riſe all ye Sons, ye brave ſouls of Great Britain,
Now the Hoggans are beat, and the Duke is beſh—ten;
Shake off your oppreſſion like men of good ſenſe;
Drive out all the rogues, & call in the brave P—ce.

21, 9, 49

FINIS.